HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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THE FAIR IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

THE FIRST TIME GENERAL GRANT COULD NOT FACE THE ENEMY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 71 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued March 8, contains "Fun in a Sugar Bush," a seasonable and very jolly story by* WILLIAM O. STODDARD, *with front-page illustration; Chapter Thirteen of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby attempts to resign his position, illustrated by* ROGERS; *"The National Flower of Japan," by* WILLIAM ELIOT GRIFFIS, *illustrated by a Japanese artist; "Ants at Home," an interesting Natural History article by* CHARLES MORRIS; *"Pussy Willow," a charming poem by* MARIAN DOUGLAS; *"An Egyptian Boot-Black," and his story as told by himself, illustrated; "An Awful Scene," one of the Jimmy Brown stories; Chapter Six of "Phil's Fairies," illustrated; a full page of Wiggles, and New Wiggle, No. 18, besides many other attractions.*

THE PRESIDENT AND THE INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

DURING the recent amusing speculations about the President's cabinet, the question has been asked how far, in a country governed by party, a President elected by a party ought to be influenced by the wishes of those who call themselves independent, as not belonging to any party. When it was supposed that the new President had decided to place himself under the control of certain politicians in New York, the organs of those politicians exclaimed, in a friendly way, that they thanked their stars that New York at least would not be controlled by snobs, sneaks, and Hessians. Elsewhere than in organs, also, the question is asked, with great urgency, Is it fair that the course of a great party should be determined by a mere inconsiderable fraction of its occasional adherents? and it is a very practical question.

The supporters of a party are of two kinds—those who regard it as a means to secure certain ends, and those who consider it to be an end in itself. The first are interested in principles, the last in profits. It is the last who are most vociferous for the grand old party; the first are those who make it grand. The spirit of those who view party as an end is essentially servile. It is a spirit which, accepting anything which is "regular," creates the despotism known as the machine, which in turn produces a boss whose will is the party law. The spirit which views party as a means only is the spirit of independence. Now the object of party leaders is to obtain votes. And having in view the two classes that we have mentioned, how is this to be accomplished? There were about 1,100,000 votes lately cast in New York for President, and General GARFIELD received about 21,000 majority. A change of one vote in every hundred in New York would have elected General HANCOCK. Mr. C. F. ADAMS, Jun., in the *Nation*, computes that the honest vote of the country was so equally distributed between the candidates that a change of two votes and a half in every hundred throughout the country would have defeated General GARFIELD. That vote was largely cast by those who voted for Mr. TILDEN in 1876, or who did not vote at all in that election. If, now, as Mr. ADAMS thinks, ninety-eight voters out of every hundred are quite sure to vote for the party candidate on either side under all circumstances, it is the one doubtful voter on each side who holds the balance of power. The party that gets him will get the majority. The forty-nine may call him a snob, a sneak, and a Hessian, a half-breed, a Pharisee, and a reformer, but it would be quite as effective to call him an interjection or an isosceles triangle. It will persuade him neither to vote with the party nor against it. That decision will depend upon the probable course of the party. Party organs, therefore, mistake the situation. Independent voters do not ask either party to be governed by them. They claim nothing whatever. But there are members of both parties who see that a party course which repels such voters imperils the party.

Applying these facts to the actual position of affairs, it is evident that the independent vote was given to General GARFIELD, and elected him, because those who cast it believed that his administration would be progressive, and not reactionary. Its tendencies in this respect will of course be indicated at first by the character and significance of the persons who compose it. But certainly it could not be held to be impolitic or foolish in the President if it should appear that in forming his cabinet he had considered the probable views and preferences of those one or two voters in a hundred who really hold the balance of power. If disregard of them should tend to throw the party into a minority, the consolation to be derived from calling them soreheads, and jayhawkers, and half-breeds, and skirmishers between the lines, would be inconsiderable. It might be wiser to ask whether a manly and honorable course would not keep them in the lines. If the speculations about the cabinet with which the reporters have filled a daily column of the newspapers for several weeks have any foundation whatever beyond their own surmises, it would seem that the danger of the new Administration will be an attempt to trim and balance among contending forces, instead of holding a simple and moderate and progressive course of its own, relying less upon professional politicians and more upon the general good sense of the people. Senator CAMERON is not Republican Pennsylvania, Senator CONKLING is not New York. The former has just been beaten in Pennsylvania, the latter saw his especial candidate left in a minority in 1879. If the President's action should show that he trusts in the White House the principles which he has always maintained in Congress and on the stump, the united vote that elected him would sustain him. The first intimation of his course will appear before this paper is issued.

REFORM IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

SENATOR CONKLING has unintentionally rendered a signal benefit to the cause of civil service reform. Those who are familiar with the admirable results of the new system of appointment at the Custom-house in New York have long wished that there could be some authoritative official report of them to the country made in such a way as to command general attention. This opportunity was furnished by Senator CONKLING in the resolutions of inquiry offered by him, and intended, of course, to expose what had probably been represented to him as a general and systematic disregard of the rules. His resolutions were doubtless suggested or drawn in New York, and were designed to convict the Custom-house authorities of bad faith, and to discredit President HAYES. They were drawn to exclude all information but that which it was supposed would be damaging. But Senator HOAR, by a resolution extending the scope of the inquiry, enabled a complete statement to be laid before Congress and the country, by which it appears that the rules have been observed with extraordinary fidelity, and that the results are most beneficial both to the transaction of business and to the *morale* of the service. Since SWARTWOUT'S appointment as Collector fifty years ago, which introduced the spoils system into the New York Custom-house, no such statement as this submitted by Collector MERRITT has been possible.

During the year covered by the inquiry, the Collector has removed, for cause approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, 24 persons. Heretofore the general average of yearly removals has been about one-fourth of the whole force of 1000 or 1200 persons. One of the recent Collectors removed, during three years, 830 out of 903 officers. Another made 338 removals in eighteen months. Another, 510 removals in sixteen months. These changes were made not for cause, not for the benefit of the public service, nor for any public reason whatever, but to strengthen the machine. But in the eleven months of 1880, the year of the Presidential election, which was selected by the CONKLING resolutions as the most open to suspicion, there were but 24 removals, for cause approved by the Secretary of the Treasury. That fact alone shows what an Executive purpose of reform can accomplish. The temporary appointments it was hoped would show an evasion of the rules. But what are the facts? The rules allow temporary appointments, in case of sudden necessity arising from increase of business or other reasons, to be made without examination, at the discretion of the Collector, for three months, with an extension of three more if thought necessary. During the year, the Collector has made at his discretion a large number of such appointments. If, indeed, these temporary appointments had been made permanent at the end of their terms, there would be a distinct and flagrant evasion of the rules. But this has not been done. In a few instances the temporary appointment has been continued beyond the term, but only with the sanction of the Secretary of the Treasury, and where it was reasonably supposed that it would be but for a brief period. When it is considered that this faithful observance of the rules has been accomplished amidst the hostility and derision and incredulity of the whole body of spoilsmen, wreckers, patronage-mongers, and machine politicians, high and low, the result is no less remarkable in itself than it is creditable to the authorities at the Custom-house.

The Naval Officer, Colonel BURT, who has had charge of the details of the examinations, furnishes a most interesting statement of the methods of procedure under the rules, the character of the examinations, the system of rating and weighing the results, with statistics of the age, education, etc., of candidates, which are all of very great value. The general results asked for by the resolution of Senator HOAR are stated as follows:

> "The appointees selected under the rules have by their conduct and efficiency approved the method of selection, with the few exceptions noted above. The assurance that tenure and promotion depend upon their own personal merit and character, and not upon ulterior considerations or influences, has had a happy effect, not only upon these appointees, but also upon the force generally. It must be conceded that there have been those in the service, wedded to old methods, who have had no sympathy with the movements toward reform, and have retarded them as far as possible without giving cause for punishment under the rules as now administered; but neither the indisposition nor unfriendly efforts of these have retarded such a prompt and faithful discharge of the vastly increased business of the past two years as has received the commendation of the great mass of the merchants at this port, and a general expression that the service has been more efficient and satisfactory than at any previous period in their experience. Even upon the assumption that the rules are in some respects defective in theory or administration, the results fairly justify them as the best practical method of appointment yet devised."

President GARFIELD and the whole country will see from this temperate and instructive report that a simple and perfectly practicable method of ascertaining the fitness of applicants has now been in successful operation at the New York Custom-house for nearly two years—a method which not only secures greater efficiency in the service, but also the self-respect of the incumbents; which does not limit employment in the service to "heelers" and to the henchmen of "bosses," but restores it to the people; and which relieves the nominating or appointing officer of the overwhelming pressure of politicians with private axes to grind at the public expense. As the New York *Times* justly remarks, after this report the President can not dismiss the subject as visionary. He must decide whether to continue or to abandon the method whose practicability and value have been authoritatively established, and which a powerful and intelligent public opinion approves.

THE LAST VETO, BUT NOT THE LEAST.

THE last effort of a Democratic Congress to strike a blow at the financial system of the country encountered a vigorous veto from President HAYES on the very last day of his official term—a veto as effective as those of the Silver Bill and the Chinese Bill and the Repeal of the Election Law Bill. President HAYES'S use of the veto power has been in the best sense conservative, and those who sometimes think that it is almost too great an executive power must agree that during the four years of the HAYES Administration it has been exercised so wisely as fully to justify the wisdom of investing the President with the great responsibility. Every one of the HAYES vetoes has saved the country from a serious error, if not disaster. The last veto is not the least. The Refunding Bill with its fifth section was a wily attack upon the national banking system, and the apprehended breaking down of that system would have inevitably plunged the country into incalculable financial confusion. The country owes to the party which has long been dandling the rag-baby this sinister "raid on the banks," and on the national industry and honor.

Whether the debt could have been refunded at three per cent. must, of course, be a question. Senator BAYARD pointed out that it was the lowest rate ever attempted. There were certainly no adequate inducements offered to investors, and the result of the experiment would probably have been injurious to the public credit. That, however, was problematical. But the uncertainty, as the President says, would not have been a reason for vetoing the bill. The experiment might have been such a failure as to show the bill to be merely stupid. But there was very much more than stupidity in the fifth section. Its repeal of the retiring act of 1874 was equivalent to a breach of contract, and was essentially dishonest. For future deposits of bonds the government may, of course, prescribe such terms as it chooses, but to declare that property already deposited shall not be reclaimed upon the terms of the deposit, is a shameful breach of national honor. In their private financial transactions members of Congress would describe such a proceeding as swindling. For the future, also, as the President shows, the result would have been to put an end to the organization of national banks. So far as the national system was continued it would have been a monopoly, and the end would have been the overthrow of the best banking system the country has ever known, and a return to the old State banks system, with the uncertainty and insecurity upon which we now look back with amazement that a sensible and busy people ever tolerated it.

General GARFIELD is reported, and doubtless truly, to have said that the passage of the bill would be a calamity. Secretary SHERMAN was of the same opinion, and had the two statesmen been in Congress during the debate, we should have seen them vigorously supporting Senator BAYARD against the bill of his party. This last important official act of President HAYES gives him a new title to the grateful respect of his countrymen. Those of his own party who have joined with the worst elements of the opposition to thwart and embarrass his administration, have seen it close amid expressions of hearty good-will from all sides, and sure of a constantly increasing regard hereafter. He himself has the satisfaction of seeing a successor who sympathizes with his views, who has approved the general course of his administration, and who in continuing that course will but follow his own convictions.

REPUBLICAN RESPONSIBILITY IN "THE SOUTH."

THE term of General GARFIELD, when finished, will complete a quarter of a century of Republican dominance in the country. There is a whole generation of voters in the Southern States who have never seen a Democratic national administration, and unless General GARFIELD should fail wofully to justify the general hope and anticipation, those voters will be very much older before they do see such an administration. Among those younger voters there must be some, at least, who are not content to be Democrats merely because their elders were Democrats, and because the white citizens in the Southern States generally are Democrats. There must be some who are able to see that a party based upon traditions of sectional hatred and hostility to the Union, and without definite principles or policy, is not worthy of the support of sensible men. Hatred of "niggers" is not a principle. The Virginia and Kentucky resolutions are waste paper. State sovereignty has vanished. Upon all other questions the interest of the Southern States is that of all the other States; and now that slavery is gone, "the South" can prosper only upon plain and sensible "Northern" principles. "The South" is mainly an agricultural region, producing a few great crops, and its agriculture can be developed only as that of the Northwest has been. It needs rapid and general communication, and it must attract the capital of experts. It needs full commercial intercourse with the rest of the country, and it can obtain it only by securing the confidence of other sections.

Why is this not done? Why is "the South" apparently the dullest of BOURBONS? Why has it been just as solidly hostile to the HAYES administration as if that administration had bristled at every point with coercion laws, and had quartered a company of regulars at every cross-road? No short and exclusive answer can be given to this question, but all the answers have their source in three considerations: the force of old traditions, the enfranchisement of the freedmen, and the character of many Republican leaders in the Southern States, with the want of any consistent and clearly defined Republican principle. Upon this last point a letter from Huntsville, Alabama, which we print elsewhere, throws a curious and interesting light. Now the power of tradition, the first hostile force mentioned, can be modified only by time and by contentment; but contentment will follow wise policy. Secondly, the enfranchisement of the freedmen can not be undone. Its wisdom is now beyond discussion. It is not surprising that it should be resented by those who feel that they suffer from it, and who bitterly ask us at the North how we should like to be under the local government of the most ignorant and shiftless class in the community. But the sensible Southerner may be supposed to understand two points which command the whole situation. The suffrage will not be legally taken from the colored citizens, and so long as it is believed that they are illegally deprived of it, there will be practically a solid North, against which a solid South can not prevail. If, therefore, Democratic local ascendency be considered essential by sensible Southerners, they must devise some way to win the colored vote, or at least to divide it; for so long as the white vote is exclusively Democratic, and the colored vote is fraudulently or violently suppressed, the power of tradition will be quite as strong at the North as it is at the South.

But the third point is one which concerns the honor of the Republican party. If that party makes alliances in any State or district with dishonest-money men, or any oth-

er dangerous class, it invites and deserves defeat. When General Hancock eagerly congratulated Mr. Plaisted, the rag-money candidate in Maine, upon his election, he furnished to Republicans a deadly weapon, with which at once and most effectively they assailed him. But the Republican party no less invites the distrust and contempt of honest-money men among Southern Democrats when, as the letter elsewhere in our columns states, a Republican candidate—Colonel Lowe, in Alabama—writes to a local paper, on the day after the last Presidential election, "Hurrah for Weaver and Chambers in 1884!" That is not the way in which Republicans can hope to persuade those who dislike and distrust them that they are the party of national honor and good faith. We have often shown the Democratic responsibility for the slow political changes in the Southern States, but it is well to remember that Republicans also have a great responsibility for it. Every party is judged by the general character and standing of its representative men, and by its declared principles and policy. It is only necessary to recall the kind of Republican leaders that "the South" has known, and the Republicanism that hurrahs for Weaver and "divides" with rascals, to understand that the Southern distaste for Republicanism is not wholly due to sectional jealousy and tradition. The administration of President Garfield can do the country and the Republican party an immense service if by the character and standing of those whom it appoints to office in the Southern States it shows that it seeks in its own political household upright and efficient officers rather than servile party politicians; and the Republican press can effectively sustain the Administration in redeeming the party name and character in that part of the country if it rejects rag-money men as unworthy Republicans. On the other hand, honest and patriotic men in the Southern States must see that their duty is to secure a free ballot, to prevent ostracism of the Northern immigrant, and both to provide schools and to prohibit the use in them of books which foster the most stupid sectionalism in the guise of history.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

President Garfield's inaugural address appears just as we go to press. The President speaks strongly and temperately of the great question of free suffrage, which is the real dividing line of parties; but his tone, while perfectly firm, is entirely unexceptionable, while his reference to old issues shows that he believes their day to have ended. He re-affirms his predecessor's views upon the wisdom of national provision for education, and he restates his uncompromising fidelity to hard money, expressing his confidence that the metals may be so adjusted that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar shall be equal. President Garfield quotes the decided expressions of President Hayes in regard to the isthmian canal projects as indicating his own conviction and policy. He speaks strongly against the toleration of polygamy in Utah, and would prohibit it rigorously.

As we anticipated, he holds that reform of the civil service is practicable only by law, and announces that he shall recommend to Congress to fix the tenure of the minor offices, and prescribe the grounds upon which removals may be made. Meanwhile he can, if he will, do much, in his own words, "for the good of the service itself, for the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power, against the waste of time and obstruction to the public business caused by the inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong," by continuing to enforce the rules established by his predecessor in the New York Custom-house and Post-office, and elsewhere. The President's course upon this subject will be watched with great interest to see whether he proposes to restore the old system while he waits for legislation. This will be at once determined by such changes in chief appointing officers as may be made in New York.

The inaugural address will be accepted, we think, as a vigorous and admirable statement of Republican principles upon the topics which it treats.

THE COX APPORTIONMENT.

Mr. Cox's bill for apportionment was so just and unpartisan, and his speech in support of it so satisfactory, that we have looked with great interest to discover the reasons of Republican opposition to it, but in vain. The subject is very simple. The Constitution directs an apportionment of Representatives among the States according to their respective numbers, and it provides that these numbers shall be ascertained every ten years. That enumeration has been just completed, and it appears by a computation in the *Times* that the population of the Northern States is 62.52 per cent. of the whole population, and that of the Southern States is 37.48 per cent. Now Mr. Cox's bill makes an apportionment upon 307 Representatives, which would give the Northern States 62.54 per cent. of the whole number, and the Southern States 37.46 per cent. It would be difficult to make a fairer distribution, and it is one which is in every way most creditable to Mr. Cox, who has devoted a great deal of time and study to the subject.

The accuracy of the census, upon which the apportionment is based, is attested by General Walker, a competent and conclusive authority; and the census is the only official and authoritative ground upon which Congress can proceed. If it distrusts the result of the enumeration, it may order another, but it can not both accept the result and disregard it. Such an act would be an extraordinary way of correcting Southern outrages upon the suffrage. Those wrongs are to be redeemed in another way. The House is the judge of the election of its members, and if it can be made to appear that an election has been determined by violence or fraud, in deterring voters or in miscounting the ballots, the remedy is obvious.

The apportionment contest was not one in which the Republican side of the House appeared to advantage. Mr. Cox is himself a strong partisan, but his courageous independence of his party in the River and Harbor Bill debate might well have been emulated by gentlemen of the other side in their treatment of his Apportionment Bill, which is as just a measure as can be constitutionally proposed.

SMALL BUSINESS.

There has been a very general and very significant expression of disgust with the protest made by a body of some kind in Washington against the invitation of General Sherman to General Field to take part in the procession at the inauguration. General Field was a Confederate soldier, and is now a loyal citizen of the United States. The invitation of General Sherman, whose loyalty and whose service to the Union are perhaps as unquestionable as those of any member of the "Local Military Committee," properly expressed the fact of a reunion of the States, and was a sign of the hearty and patriotic good-will which, while taking wise political action, refuses to cherish and promote vindictive and mischievous feelings.

We have seen no other reason alleged for the extraordinary protest than that General Field was in the Confederate army. But if the country could safely tolerate a score of "rebel brigadiers" as parts of the late majority to make laws in Congress, it will hardly be injured by seeing one "rebel brigadier" loyally riding in a procession in honor of a Union soldier and President.

CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

The account given on another page, by our esteemed London correspondent, of the late meeting of English authors and publishers to consider the matter of international copyright, shows a remarkable change of sentiment in favor of the American proposals. When these were first made known in England, although they were generally and cordially accepted by English authors, they were regarded as untenable by British publishers. But a belief in the fairness and practical character of the proposals gradually gained ground with our English cousins, who now accept them heartily as the basis of negotiations.

A BEAUTIFUL BIRTHDAY BOOK.

The *Longfellow Birthday Book* is a beautiful little volume, published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., tastefully bound, and making one of the most charming of birthday gifts. It consists of a selection from the poetry and prose of Mr. Longfellow for every day in the year, printed opposite a page upon which there are but two dates, with the name of some noted person born upon each day. Any allusions to such persons in the poet's works are printed upon the page opposite; and the selections are made with great felicity by Miss Charlotte F. Bates, who is evidently thoroughly familiar with Longfellow's writings. Such a book of single passages and stanzas shows the exquisite finish and refinement and variety of those writings; and as the volume is a labor of love, so it will be a delightful token of love in thousands of households.

ACCIDENTS IN THE AIR.

There is no excuse whatever for collisions in the fog upon the elevated railroads. Suspending engineers, and taking "every precaution," are of no use so long as the chief precaution is not taken, and the one which is familiar to all well-regulated railroads. We mean the block system of alarm, which sets a danger signal at the previous station until all obstruction between that and the next station is removed. This would apprise every passenger going down town, and getting on at Thirty-fourth Street, for instance, whether the preceding train had left Twenty-eighth Street. This system of alarm is automatic, and has superseded upon good roads the antiquated and imperfect methods which are apparently in use upon the elevated roads.

The first and paramount consideration with the management of these roads must be the safety of passengers, and no device of proved or probable value to secure that end should be neglected. The press, upon whose watchfulness in such a matter the public must rely, will undoubtedly hold the company to account. At present a foggy morning is a dangerous morning for travel upon the elevated roads, and the management of the roads is unfaithful to its chief duty until it has made travel on such days, so far as the fog is concerned, as safe as on any other.

During the very heavy fog of a few days since there was an accident upon each of the Third, Sixth, and Ninth Avenue roads, and one well-meaning person employed remarked that it was very difficult to stop the cars on the wet rails. That is to say, it was very difficult not to maim and kill people that morning. Is it now for the first time ascertained that it is difficult to stop cars on wet rails? If so, the accidents due to wet rails should not happen a second time. All passengers accustomed to travel by these roads will regard the next foggy morning with great interest.

THE PLAGUE OF SMELLS.

Whether the stenches from Newtown Creek shall be permitted to make the upper part of the city of New York uninhabitable is a question not yet answered. But it is incredible that the most delightful part of the city should passively acquiesce in the nuisance and pest. The North Shore of Staten Island is afflicted in the same way from the works of the giant monopoly, the Standard Oil Company, upon Constable's Hook. The sickening odors blown upon that part of the island by all the prevailing winds seriously diminish its attractions as a residence.

A committee of the State Board of Health, of which the Hon. Erastus Brooks is chairman, is holding an investigation of the extent and character of the Hunter's Point nuisance, which Dr. Elisha Harris vividly and vigorously describes as follows, according to the report:

> "At the afternoon session of the committee, Dr. Harris exhibited a large map of the smell-breeding district, showing that Newtown Creek was lined on both sides for three and a half miles with all sorts of oil-refining, fertilizing, manure-manufacturing, bone-boiling, offal-rendering establishments; that the banks were covered with liquid filth, manure dumps, etc., mixed with more or less sludge acid and other evil-smelling refuse; that, in a word, these useful but unpleasant industries, which had been driven out of the civilized portions of New York and Brooklyn, had been established on the banks of this stream, within rifle-shot of the upper half of New York; that they had grown in numbers, capital, and organization, and still more in offensiveness; that although they were on the Brooklyn side of the East River, Brooklyn, by reason of the high land to the north, got very little of the stenches, which were all blown over to New York."

If the citizens who are annoyed by these stenches can "take the law" of the great source of smells on Newtown Creek, the North Shore of Staten Island need not despair. In the latter case it is a small but most disgusting form of the wrong inflicted upon the community by the great monopolies, and the victims naturally hesitate to enter upon a contest with the unscrupulous power that taints the very air they breathe.

PERSONAL.

The Papyrus people had a pleasant time at their monthly meeting, a few evenings since, at the Revere House, and many good things in prose and verse were said and read. Mark Twain was very amusing. His experience in endeavoring to obtain a berth in a sleeping-car, the rough discourtesy of the gentlemanly conductors, and his final triumph in getting the big family state-room through the benign attentions of the colored porter, are very well told. "Law bless you, sah, I knowed you in a minute! I told de conductah so; I knowed you de minute I sot eyes on you." "Is that so, my boy?" (handing him a quadruple fee); "well, who am I?" "General McClellan," replied the man and brother, and disappeared.

—A statement has recently been made by the Adjutant-General at Washington of the number of men who served in the United States army during the war of the rebellion. The grand aggregate, reduced to a three-years standard, is 2,820,272.

—Senator Davis is not only a heavy man in person, but "warm" in purse. He is the largest land-owner in Central Illinois, and pays $27,000 yearly in taxes. He commenced life with a fortune represented by three small figures, and is now alluded to as a two-millionaire. His residence near Bloomington is one of the finest in the State. He is an early riser and a hard worker.

—Clergymen sometimes hit it off in a vigorous but quite unexpected style, as, for example, when Dr. Miller, of Cincinnati, in a recent sermon, said that a large part of the human family would yawn and fall asleep over the Bible, when they would pore for hours over a daily newspaper, and manifest the liveliest interest and satisfaction.

—It is rumored that Salvini, on returning to Italy, will devote himself to the management of a school of dramatic art in Florence.

—A portrait of Judge Tourgee ornaments the last number of the *Critic*, and shows him to be a young-looking and fine-looking gentleman. The *Critic* grows in interest with each successive number. R. H. Stoddard's "The Best of the Bohemians," and an original contribution by "Uncle Remus," are excellent.

—Carlyle's rich humor and startling paradoxes were the great charm of his talk, though Luttrell once remarked that it would be curious to see how it would go down if he spoke English and attended to conventional rules and manners. He once at a large party addressed a distinguished man of letters in these words: "What you have been saying is the weariest trash under the sun; it sickens the heart of mon to listen to ye." And doubtless this frankness was deserved, if discourteous.

—Senator Hamlin, of Maine, who has just left the United States Senate, has been thirty-eight years in Congress. He leaves no one in the Senate who participated in its deliberations when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Cass, Benton, Mason, Hunter, and Seward were party leaders and Senators. He constitutes the last link which connects the days of those great men with the present. Mr. Hamlin entered Congress in 1843 as a member of the House. Among the members of that House still living are ex-Governor Fish, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia. Among its distinguished men who are dead were John Quincy Adams, Stephen A. Douglas, Andrew Johnson, John P. Hale, Solomon Foot, Henry A. Wise, Howell Cobb, John Slidell, and J. R. Giddings.

—First-class singers of church music are in good demand. Miss Emma S. Howe, a well-known Boston vocalist, goes to Mr. Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, at a salary of $1000 a year. She succeeds Miss Hattie L. Simms, who goes to St. Thomas's, New York. Mr. George Werrenrath is continued at Mr. Beecher's church as its tenor, at an advance of $500 on his salary.

—Mr. Edmund Yates publishes in London this week the first number of his new afternoon paper, the *Cuckoo*. It will be devoted to news and gossip, and if kept up to the vim and "go" of the *World*, can not fail to be a success.

—Of the late Senator Carpenter it is said that he has argued as many causes in the Supreme Court of the United States during the last five years as any lawyer in the country. He was not given to display, but made friends wherever he went, and was especially kind and helpful to young lawyers. His library was large and admirably selected, including some very rare copies of Shakspeare. The Bible and Shakspeare were his text-books. Some of Shakspeare's plays he could repeat from beginning to end without error. As a *raconteur* he had few equals. His voice was wonderfully sweet and bell-like. It is said that his audience, whether a bench of justices or a casual multitude in the Senate galleries, thought only of the orator and jurist while he spoke. Blaine might deal heavier blows, and with a steadier aim; Conkling be more overwhelming and majestical; Edmunds might lay deeper mines, and spring them with greater dexterity; Thurman might be more earnest and forcible; Voorhees and Ben Hill might make more noise; but none of the Senators could state a case more clearly, or support it with a keener cogency of both learning and wit, or with a more pleasing or persuasive eloquence. Nothing delighted him more than to remind his brother Senators and the public that he had never been in the House of Representatives, and knew only from hearsay and chance observation of that school of legislative bad manners.

—Mr. Jay Gould has just been interviewed to the extent of four columns and a half by a representative of the New York *Herald*. The views of the eminent speculator will attract general attention, not merely on account of the source whence they emanate, but for the clear, sharp, concise way in which they are stated. He looks forward to a long future of prosperity. In reply to the question as to who are the greatest railroad men whom he had met, Mr. Gould replied: "Well, Mr. Thomas A. Scott in the past. Mr. John W. Garrett is a very great man. Commodore Vanderbilt was one of the extraordinary men of the century. The present Mr. Vanderbilt must be counted among the greatest and strongest of men. Of course I am confining myself to gentlemen who in my opinion possess supreme ability in railroad direction. Mr. Vanderbilt's talent is of a different order from that of his father, but I know no man who is better fitted to complete the work his father began."

—Mr. Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, has given $150,000 to the University of Pennsylvania to found a department to instruct young men in the theories and principles of business.

—The largest and finest collection of arms belonging to any private person in Europe or America belongs to Mr. William Riggs, of Washington, who has for several years been engaged in its collection. At the Trocadéro, in 1878, Mr. Riggs's collection had accorded to it the particular distinction of being placed in a room by itself. The catalogue comprises over 5000 objects, purchased chiefly during his residence abroad from the museums made by the best-known collectors.

—Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, a British attaché at Berlin, did a good thing the other day by saving a man from drowning. It pleased the Emperor, who, at the state ball, presented the young Englishman the silver medal for saving life. It is similar to that given to Prince Bismarck, who once saved his groom from drowning. The Prince is fonder of wearing that medal than any of his countless orders.

—Adelaide Kemble Sartoris said of Braman's singing that when the little thickset Jewish-looking man stood up to sing a single line, "But the children of Israel went on dry land," then paused, and in the hush followed with three words, "through the sea," that seemed carved out of solid stillness, then "our breath failed and our pulses ceased to beat, and we bent our heads, as all the wonder of the miracle seemed to pass over us with those accents, awful, resonant, radiant, triumphant."

—Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, who is now delivering in this city a course of lectures on the "Bishop Paddock Foundation," which was founded last year by Mr. George A. Jarves, of Brooklyn, is described by a writer in the New York *Daily Times* as having been for many years "a diligent student of ecclesiastical history in connection with the Berkeley Divinity School, of which he is the dean, and is a churchman of the type once represented by Cardinal Newman, with whom he used to be on intimate terms, before that distinguished ecclesiastic left the English for the Roman Church. He is regarded, since Bishop Whittingham's death, as the most learned member of the American House of Bishops. He is remarkable for blending dignity with geniality in his intercourse with young men, and a large number of the leading Episcopal clergy in the country, including Bishop Littlejohn, have received a good part of their ministerial training at his hands. He is tall in figure, always wears spectacles, has a ruddy, genial face, is an eloquent speaker, goes straight to his mark, whether in sermon or lecture, and is greatly beloved by all who know him. His lectures on 'The English Reformation' will represent the studies of a lifetime concerning the great turning-point in the Christianity of the English-speaking world, and will furnish a rare opportunity to hear one of the most notable ecclesiastics of the day at his best."

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, WHERE THE INAUGURATION BALL WAS HELD.

THE INAUGURATION.

THE national capital presented a gloomy appearance on the morning of the 4th of March. A severe storm had begun the night previous, and the day dawned cold, bleak, and windy. The streets were covered with deep slush, and a sheet of melting snow covered the board seats which had been erected for spectators at every available point between the White House and the Capitol. Big flakes of snow went scattering through the chilling air. All the roofs and trees shed trickling streams of ice-water. But between ten and eleven o'clock, although the high wind continued, the sun began to show itself through the clouds, and it was evident that the pageant was not to be wholly spoiled, after all. There was at once an improvement in the condition of the streets. The mud and slush quickly dried, and despite a chilling wind, the procession marched along the avenue without much discomfort.

The escort of Federal troops was formed early in front of the White House, and at half past ten the procession moved. General SHERMAN, surrounded by a brilliant staff, led the way. Then came the artillery troops, under General AYRES. The incoming and outgoing Presidents rode in a four-horse barouche, with the gorgeously uniformed First Cleveland troops, mounted, immediately in front. As they passed down the avenue they were greeted with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs from the assembled thousands who by this time lined the avenue. Vice-President ARTHUR rode in a carriage behind the President.

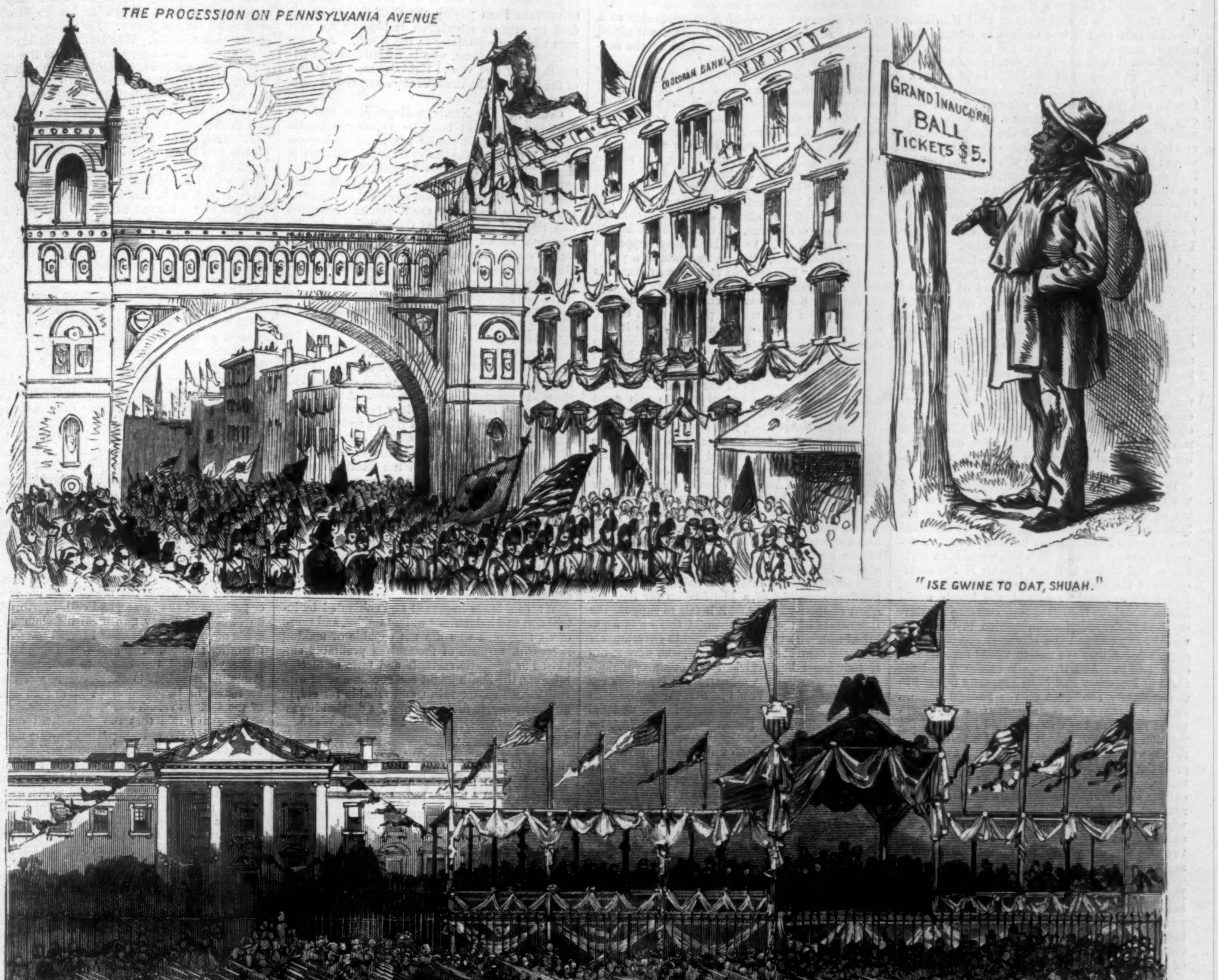
From the numerous stands erected along the route of the procession thousands upon thousands of people gazed upon the passing pageant, and the streets through which it moved were thronged with spectators. Pennsylvania Avenue presented a grand sight. All available space was occupied, and even the roofs of many houses, which had been covered with benches, chairs, etc., were crowded with people. The long eastern portico of the Treasury Building was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and a stand erected at the south end of the building was occupied by at least three thousand clerks of the department. In the two squares between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets were two stands, occupied by the employés of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and of the Interior Department.

As early as ten o'clock people began to assemble about the platform erected over the steps leading to the main entrance of the Capitol, and at noon it was estimated that fifty thousand persons were massed in front of the building. By this time the clouds had broken away, and patches of clear sky were visible. The change was most agreeable. Precisely at twelve o'clock General GARFIELD, accompanied by Chief Justice WAITE, appeared on the platform. He was greeted with loud applause as he stepped forward to deliver the Inaugural Address. The reception which it received from the listeners must have been gratifying in the extreme to the President-elect. Many portions of it were loudly applauded, particularly the references to the colored people and their elevation to citizenship. The delivery of this and other portions was remarkably effective, so much so that in many instances old black men, who had been slaves, were seen weeping in the crowd. At the conclusion of the address, Chief Justice WAITE administered the oath of office, and General GARFIELD was declared President of the United States.

After the completion of these ceremonies, the procession was again formed. The President and the ex-President, with their special escort, took their positions in the first division, preceded by the regular artillery and the marines, and followed by a detachment of the Boys in Blue and the Naval Cadets. In this order the procession began its march, about half past 1 P.M., up Pennsylvania Avenue. The street was now so dry that in places the dust was blowing. As soon as the head of the column had passed the arch between the Treasury and the Corcoran Building, the procession was halted, and the President and ex-President were driven through the grounds south of the Treasury, where they dismounted, and proceeded to the White House. They remained there for a few minutes, and then took their places on the reviewing stand, which was situated at the edge of the sidewalk due north of the White House porch. The procession then resumed its march, and at half past 2 P.M. General SHERMAN, at the head of it, passed the stand, making his salute to his new Commander-in-chief, whom eighteen years ago he had first known as a promising young General of Division and Chief of Staff. The entire procession had passed the reviewing stand at twenty-five minutes past 4 P.M., and the President, who had been standing bare-headed in the March air for the greater part of the time since noon, was at last free to enter his new home, and, it is to be hoped, to gain a few minutes of rest before the national hand-shaking should begin at the Inauguration Ball.

The Inauguration Ball was held in the National Museum—one of the handsomest buildings in the country. It is designed in the form of a Greek cross, the arms radiating from an octagonal centre, capped by a dome. In the spaces between the arms are four large square halls, their outlines defined by rows of pillars and arches, and beyond these are spacious corridors. These halls and corridors form a magnificent ball-room. Five thousand holders of tickets found admittance early in the evening. The President's party arrived in good season, and by half past eight o'clock a most brilliant reception was under way. President GARFIELD, in full evening costume, received with dignity, supported by Messrs. EVARTS, SCHURZ, MAYNARD, BANCROFT, HAZEN (in full uniform), WAITE, DEVENS, STANLEY MATTHEWS, and JOHN SHERMAN.

The ball was attended by the diplomatic corps, and by many distinguished citizens. There was great brilliancy of dress displayed by the ladies, and the scene was one of unusual splendor. The President retired about twelve o'clock, but the dancing went on into the small hours.



THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD—SCENES IN WASHINGTON.—From Sketches by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 180.]

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, *January* 10, 1881.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

My recollection is that early in 1861 HARPER'S WEEKLY said that it was useless to discuss the right of secession, because if the South had the constitutional right to secede, there was a political necessity on the part of the North to prevent it.

It is to be regretted that the war was not fought and the Union reconstructed on that theory. That part of the history of the country would then have been that the South seceded and left the United States composed of the North alone; that the North, as the whole of the United States, amended the Constitution, prohibiting slavery and forbidding secession; then conquered the Confederate States, and held the South as acquired territory, to be governed as such until it became prepared for admission as States in the Union under the amended Constitution.

Under that theory of the war, the North would have considered the loyalty of the South to the Confederate States a virtue instead of a crime. And the South might have accepted the result of the war as establishing the superiority of the civilization of the United States over that of the Confederate States, and in good faith cordially acquiesced in and supported it. The North's more liberal theory of human rights would have been tempered by the South's practical observation of the difficulties in the way of its immediate application. And the freedman's right to civil equality at some future time could have been recognized, and provision made for cultivating his capacity above abuse of the right when bestowed.

It was an error in the Convention that framed the Constitution to shrink from the responsibility of declaring distinctly the relation of the States to the Federal government. It tolerated two theories irreconcilably hostile, instead of deciding between them. This was worse than making a bad choice between them. If the sovereignty of the States, with the right of secession, had been expressly reserved, the North would have avoided the feeling of responsibility for slavery, and the cause of emancipation in the South would have escaped the check it received from apprehension that the nation would take unwise control of it. And if State sovereignty and the right of secession had been expressly merged in the authority conferred on the Federal government, the cause of emancipation in the North would not have been exasperated by armed opposition in the South. It was not a justification that the Convention hoped the nation would outgrow the difference in construction of the Constitution. That would be the case of the wagoner calling on Hercules to lift his wagon out of the rut, instead of putting his own shoulder to the wheel. And the cost of that want of firmness and decision in the Convention has already been the sacrifice of over half a million of lives and more than five thousand millions of property.

The theory of human rights announced in the Declaration of Independence became an earnest belief in the North. It battled bravely with wealth and power, and grew into a controlling influence. At the close of the war, the government of the United States was in the condition of MOSES when he had rescued his people from Egyptian bondage, and led them to the frontier of the promised land, but found them deficient in the energy, courage, and fortitude required for its conquest. MOSES retired with them to the wilderness, and devoted nearly forty years to disciplining them into efficiency for the duties required. If the North had considered the South foreign territory acquired by conquest, the government might have followed the example of MOSES, and held it in territorial condition until it became prepared for admission as States of the Union. But the North, educated under the opposite theory, felt that at great risk and great sacrifice it had rescued a part of the common country from traitors to the common government, and became impatient of delay in restoring the rescued territory to its proper relation as States of the Union. And this impatience of the North, the natural result of an erroneous theory, forced the national government into the inconsistency of placing the conquered States under the control of the freedmen, while at the same time it recognized the incapacity of the freedmen to be such as to require the protection of government agents to make contracts for them in the ordinary business of common life.

The unsatisfactory result of this reconstruction, precipitated by impatience of adherents to an erroneous theory, endangered the ascendency of the Republican party in the national administration. And believing its ascendency to be essential to the preservation of the government and the welfare of the country, the Republican party recognized a political necessity of tolerating demoralizing agencies to sustain its ascendency. It is charged against the loyalty of the South that in the last four years 3874 illicit distilleries have been seized, twenty-five revenue officers killed, fifty-five others wounded, and 7084 persons arrested. This is admitted to be a bad showing for the South. But if, as the writer strongly suspects, the present United States Attorney for the Northern and Middle Districts of Alabama, who was the first Republican Governor of the State, acquainted the Department of Justice at Washington with the fact that United States officials were encouraging and tolerating *illicit* distilleries, for the selfish purpose of getting opportunities to prosecute laborers at them, and make costs and fees to be paid by the government, would the showing against the Republican administration be good?

On an investigation of the official conduct of the United States Commissioners for the Northern District of Alabama by Mr. LANCASTER in 1879, every one who had been in office any considerable length of time was removed, without any explanation, and a few re-appointed. Suppose these Commissioners were found to have held courts and manufactured cases for the purpose of accumulating costs and fees to be paid by the government, would it be creditable to a national administration that it could not afford to expose these men for fear of losing the support of them and their friends?

The Northern Republican apprehends danger of repudiating the national debt if the South should acquire a controlling influence in the administration of the national government. Yet in 1878 the Federal officials and Republican freedmen of the Eighth Congressional District of Alabama supported and elected Colonel LOWE, who said in his published address to the voters of the district that he was "in favor of the speedy payment, in absolute and inconvertible greenback money, of every dollar of the national debt contracted during and since the war." (Huntsville *Advocate*, September 11, 1878.) In 1880 they supported him for re-election, after he had said in a printed circular: "We are told in holy writ that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. This is as true in politics as in ethics, and as applicable to the world to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago. No bondholder, no railroad or bank director, no man of stocks and bonds, no capitalist with a fixed income wrung from the hard earnings of the poor, is fit to lead a corporal's guard of honest men in this great fight between the money power and the people." (Huntsville *Independent*, November 4, 1880.) And Colonel LOWE's friends expect him to dispense the patronage of the Federal government in his district, notwithstanding he concluded a letter to the editor of the *National View*, of date November 3, 1880, with, "Hurrah for WEAVER and CHAMBERS in 1884!" (*National View*, November, 1880.)

The writer submits for thoughtful consideration a speculation as to the possible consequences of the Republican party undertaking to regain control of the Southern States under the leadership of repudiators and communists. He admits political necessity as a justification for the conquest of the South. And it is fair to suppose the Democrats of the South thought there was a political necessity to wrest their State governments from the control of the freedmen, who were mainly influenced by inefficient if not unscrupulous men. Accepting the effective *vox populi* as *vox Dei*, the conclusion would be that the public good required Republican ascendency in the national administration, and Democratic ascendency, for the present at least, in the South.

Difference in theory of the government runs the parties into antagonism that disinclines them to learn from each other, and leads each to work out its theory regardless of suggestions from the other. The South is largely composed of a class of land-owners too deficient in thoroughness of practical education to incline them to devote themselves to the preservation and improvement of their lands, and a class of colored laborers of social nature, gentle disposition, not naturally indolent or vicious, nor deficient in *intensity* of capacity under friendly guidance, but generally deficient in the *extensity* of capacity that exercises self-denial, stimulates persistence of purpose, and gives success to industry. The landlord saves nothing from his rents, and the tenant nothing from his labor. The land is gradually losing its fertility, and a time approaching when the tenant will be unable to pay rent and make a living. Then will come a drifting off of the laborer, and bankruptcy of the land-owner. When the freedmen are starved out at the South, and diffuse themselves over the North, will they forget the cheering suggestion of forty acres and a mule, and years of training in the service of repudiation and communism, and fall into Republican ranks? Or will they swell the dangerous element, and help to overcome the half-million Republican majority in the North? And if the latter, what then?

The Russian commander, in reply to the urgency of the British Commissioner that he would concentrate his forces and crush NAPOLEON on his retreat from Moscow, said that he was not sure it would be to the interest of Russia to crush, instead of merely cripple, NAPOLEON. Russia, he said, might at some future time need the aid of France against England. Does the Northern capitalist see no propriety in imitating KUTUSOFF, and looking ahead to the possibility of making the conservatism of the Southern land-holder available? Extension of suffrage to the freedmen, and admission of the Southern States into the Union under the amended Constitution, are past recall. But the adoption of a clear and consistent theory of the government, and an honest and fearless application of it, might greatly lessen the difficulties that have arisen from the premature adoption of these measures. In draining overflowed land we are guided by knowledge of the trend of the land beneath the waters. And political fogs should be cleared off by inculcating a true theory of the condition of things sought to be amended. People may safely travel blazed ways, when they would get lost in the woods if course and distance only were given.

The Democratic theory would seem to make it the object of government to restrain vices, and let the virtues take care of themselves, while the Republican theory would make it the duty of government to stimulate the virtues, and treat the vices as imperfectly developed virtues. One would make government a mould to shape and restrain the progress of civilization. The other would treat it as a garment to be enlarged, altered, or modified to suit the growth intended to be protected. The tendency of one theory would be to stunt and dwarf human capacity. The danger of the other would be in dissipating it in inefficient diffusion, and leaving popular will unrestrained by constitutional limitations. The adherents of each theory magnify the dangerous tendency of the other. And both parties are driven by what they consider political necessity into inconsistencies that destroy all confidence in the fairness of each other's purposes. The Southern Democrat, whom at the close of the war it was thought necessary to restrain from paying the Confederate States debt by express stipulation, is bidding for alliance with the repudiator in the North. And the Northern Republican, who is sensitive about national honor and vested rights, enrolls his allies of the South in the cause of repudiation and communism.

Could not the Northern Republican and the Southern Democrat both be twisting separate strands that might yet be laid in an anchor cable? Would not the theory HARPER'S WEEKLY is supposed to have suggested reconcile the different theories of the government? It implies that the Democratic construction was right of the antebellum Constitution, and the Republican construction right of the amended Constitution. On its adoption, selfish pandering to party prejudices would cease, antagonism of sections and races abate, and the relation between the Northern Republican and Southern Democrat be established that arose between AUGUSTUS and HEROD. HEROD succeeded to a friendship between his father and ANTONY, formed when the triumvir was only the colonel of a cavalry regiment. HEROD was faithful and devoted in his friendship for ANTONY. Even after the battle of Actium he offered him the protection of his fortified cities and the command of the entire resources of his kingdom. And AUGUSTUS was wise enough to consider, not *whose* friend HEROD had been, but *what* a friend, and to appreciate the value of his efficiency for the protection of the eastern frontier of the Roman Empire.

Density of population in the North places a large class of earnest practical men, trained in habits of industry, in a favorable condition to be invited to take up the lands of the South in quantities to employ their family capacities. And the very qualities that unfit the freedmen for independent farmers—their social and gregarious nature, with want of individuality and self-reliance—fit them for factory work in companies, under superintendence.

With its lands improved and cultivated by intelligent and industrious white families, and those of its freedmen who are not capable of making successful farmers of themselves profitably employed as domestic servants and farm or factory laborers, the South might soon become solid with enlightened conservatism, and reliable for aid, in an emergency, to the right side of a divided North.

FRANCIS P. WARD.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

A SMALL COMMISSION.

"BUT the man at the Raven can be trusted. He makes a good thing out of you. For any pretty bit of skill a noble door is opened by all this new nonsense about cheap letters, and paying for their carriage beforehand. When there was eightpence to pay, it could be shown whether anybody paid the eightpence; but who will know now what becomes of a letter, when the interest of the Post-office is to take the dirty penny, and have no more bother with it? Such a plan may last a month, perhaps, and throughout that month will be a muddle. All that I have foreseen, and timed your little plan accordingly. A hideous thing, called an 'envelope'—because there is no English name for it—will contain this letter for Captain Larks. All you have to do is to take it from the boy, go to the Raven the same night with it, before any fuss arises, find my instructions, and follow them."

"That is all very simple, and a credit to you, Gaston. But excuse my anxiety about the cash. The sum is a small one; but the times are bad with me. These miserly clod-hoppers smuggle off their money to a bank, instead of their bolster or the thatch. For a month I have not known where to turn for a bit of honest plunder. Even the Raven begins to look askew at me."

"That shall be righted; and you must not be too active now, except upon my business. You have your head-quarters, the Lord knows where, in the depth of this horrible wilderness. The man of the Raven is a very decent fellow, and would sell his good old wife at a proper *quid pro quâ*. The moor is delightful at this time of year, and the air ecstatically bracing. Stock yourself well, to the extent of a sovereign (which I will leave with mine host on account), spend a few days healthfully in the boggiest quarters of your beat, enjoy my potted char, and some very choice pigtail which I will leave for you—a perfect charm for all aches and agues—and then on Wednesday morning earn your balance, repair to the trysting-place, and get it."

"You go on so fast when you want to slur a point! Slow and sure is my style of business. Am I to look for you, at that filthy hole, on Wednesday?"

"Is there no meaning in the English language? I said that you then would find my instructions, and according to them send back the letter. After that your care of Captain Larks begins, lest haply he should hear of things from any other quarter which it is his hearty desire and truest interest not to know. Having hit upon a clew to him some half year ago, I have employed some nicety in placing all advertisements, or at least in suggesting the quarter for them, so that none of them should hit him. But now I make a clean breast to the men of law, who have a perfectly just faith in me. By vast exertions I have found the man. They will write to him, after much sage counsel, a letter for which they will charge two guineas, though it is to go two hundred miles for one penny. For another penny it comes back to them. Wonderful is the insolence of this age! How happy are you, who live out of it! Steam-coaches are beginning to run madly all about. Next year they are to come to Bristol. They are taking everybody's land, without his leave. That has something to do with the urgency of this matter. It outrages all one's sense of justice. But, thank Heaven, there are still some people who know what is right, and stick to it!"

"And foremost of them all, George Gaston. Very well, I know now what you want, and will carry it out most faithfully. Where will the tobacco be? I want that first. If you knew what stuff I am obliged to smoke—"

"You shall have it to-night, with your outfit, at the Raven. Lay aside, once and for all, your most narrow idea that I stint anything. Of all men I am the most liberal, when it pays."

"To me you should be more than liberal, George. Whose doing is it that I lead this life? Who first led me to despise my home, to want to be more than I was meant for, to gamble away my poor father's savings, to rob my sister, to break my mother's heart—"

"Guy Wenlow, this tenderness is not thrown away on me. It proves that your heart is in the right place still, though it may have sadly roamed away from it. But we must not linger. The whole world is in a hurry. Nobody looks back; everybody forward. Repentance and remorse are a pair of old samplers. The Quicksilver average is fourteen miles an hour; and the horses must be changed in thirty seconds, to show that they can beat steam-coaches. When you were a sporting character, Guy Wenlow, with £50 on each side of your stomach, how you would have loved to sit behind those horses! But they summon me; I seem to hear them neigh."

The better of the two men turned away to hide the tear which the memory of his mother, or perhaps of the horses, had called forth. Then he swung his heavy gun upon his shoulder, and made off. "One little trifle I forgot to mention," the other shouted after him—"a thing that will make you stick the closer to your duty. The Captain's daughter is the loveliest girl even to be found in Devonshire. You are an admirer of the sex. *Verbum sat.*"

"We are told that the devil lives on Dartmoor," cried the outcast; "but now he means to come to and fro, by the Quicksilver."

"Go thy way. The fool and the woman have the privilege of the last word," Gaston muttered. Then putting away a pistol, which had been hidden near his fingers, he discharged into his mouth a more peaceful implement, known among travellers by the same name. With his high color heightened, he arose and left the dell, whose beauty was not impaired by his departure.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DANCING TREE.

AMONG the few places that now keep shops on the threadbare skirt of Dartmoor, one of the kindest and most tranquil-minded is that little town Moreton-Hampstead.

A man of fine leisure and liberal ease, with a ripe turn for contemplation, may be looked for—if any one is rude enough to want him—first near the tap of his favorite inn, then about the reading-room or post-office, after that clearly at the farrier's shop, and for the rest of the day on the bridge, with a pipe in his mouth, and hands in pocket.

The great defect of Moreton is therefore this, that it owns no bridge of any kind for such transcendent uses. But in plea of that it may well be urged (if any man there can be urgent), first, that if any bridge were needed, no one could ever find the energy to build it; and next, that no genuine Moreton man would go forth to a bridge for his lounge while he can get it, right happily, on his own window-ledge. If ever he is wanted, which very seldom happens, there he may be found during those short periods when he is not feeding or profoundly asleep. Now as to those two alibis, the former is strictly sacred. The shop door is bolted, and the bell unhung; and from twelve o'clock till two the only business considered is the commerce of the interior. Then if anybody, scanty of good manners, thumps upon the door, why, just let him thump again. With a relish as of pickles or of very cool cucumber, the hearty tradesman smacks his lips, and labors at the self-help most congenial to him—a large help of very lofty order of mutton. If at two o'clock he unbolts his door and rehangs his bell, he may be taken at the moment, and goaded into a shout to his wife to know the price of something now hanging in his window. However, if his wife makes no reply—as generally happens, for she is of his own race—he will ask the brisk customer how much he has been in the habit of giving for the article. If the customer forgets, or prefers not to tell, because he expects to get it cheaper here, the worthy shop-keeper talks about invoices, which he can not lay his hand upon just now, but will do so at his earliest leisure, and the gentleman may take it, and come and know the price to-morrow. Then he retires for his afternoon nap, having done a striking stroke of business.

Nevertheless, there are two people often wide awake at Moreton. One is the boy with two buckets and a mop who invades the gentle streets soon after breakfast, and stirs the narrow echoes with his constant cry, "Wash yer winders for 'ee!" As nobody ever washes his own windows, and the wind asserts its hereditary and perhaps etymologic right to invest every window with a coat of granite grime, this boy has got to move

both arms at once, and becomes a pleasant sight for those who never do so.

Or rather those who do so only when they are a-dancing. Because of so being asleep all day, and having no bridge to yawn upon, Moreton is —or was until a railway rushed into the bottom —"the chiefest place for dancing to be found in merry Devonsheer." While a man slumbers sweetly against the partition that severs his nice little parlor from his shop (it is needless to say upon which side he is), another man, knowing the trick of the door, runs in (though nothing else could ever make him run), and handling him by the head against the wall pulsatively, stirs up the muffled drum of his outer ear by blowing down the conch of his other palm into it: "Ball to-night! Zax o'clock." "How much be tickutts?" asks the firm reposer, with a rub of his eyes and a tingle in his head. "Zaxpince aich—dree vor a zhillun." Then he feels in the fork of his clothes, and pays a shilling.

This is the other man, who keeps on moving, and whips round the corners quicker than a window can go up. He gets up the dances, and he knows the way to do it, calling on the ladies first, and putting clearly to them that all the gentlemen in the place are wild about getting them to come, but on no account would trouble them to come except just as they are. Nothing in the way of dress could make them look better than they do now; and he chins up his fiddle, and touches two strings. Every lady looks demure, and says that she really dislikes dancing, and did hope to have heard the last of it. But rather than disappoint her neighbors, she will take one ticket. Then he twangs again, and with an eye to strict economy, she takes six.

Behold how unjust a thing it is to attempt to be too accurate! There is another active man in Moreton-Hampstead, and his name is Timothy Pugsley. Happily for the town, which never could endure three moving spirits, the greater part of his time goes among the lanes and across the hills. When he comes home at night with Teddy, the two of them want stable. They are stiff about their joints, and say to themselves and to one another that they would go ten miles more if needful, but can see no more to do to-day except victuals, and are glad of it. Teddy has a mash, with hay to follow, and oats enough to dream of; and Timothy has a pan of fried potatoes, with a willow-pattern plate turned over them, and bacon making little pops around the edges, and flirting rapid knuckles up, like a great piano-player. Pugsley feels, as well as smells, after twelve hours on the moor, this grace; and he thanks the Lord to have a warm house round him, a safe deliverance from accident and tempest, a beautiful appetite, with victuals to play up to it, and a wife who keeps his house in order, and can fry potatoes.

Yet the most lively and dissipated being in all the town of Moreton is neither the window-washing boy, nor the great Choregus, nor even Pugsley; but rather a tree, steadfast under the weight of years, and old enough to know better. Whether its lineage is from some that danced to the lyre of Orpheus, or whether any Dryad with a tripping foot possesses it, at any rate this is the dancing tree. For many years now it has left off dancing, even if it ever did with certainty begin, and has to be contented with the legal truth, "Who does through another, does the thing himself." And, to make sure, it does it through a great many others.

Especially on the 1st of May, when the festival of Pales, as the learned tell us, is well observed by Christians. Instead of putting up a May-pole then, and frolicking around it in a pixy-ring, the young folk of Moreton have their frisks among the verdure, without dread of dewy feet, or toes stuck in a mole-hill. High up in the tree, which stands in an elbow of scraggy street, they hoist and fix a timber platform strong enough to bear the vehemence of feet not too aerial. The boughs of the patulous tree above the bole afford a noble amplitude, and a double ring of hay rope, roven fast in and out the branches, provides the most headlong couple with a chance of preserving their necks, when valuable.

"Missy, you'm looking crule weist, and peaky," said Master Pugsley to Miss Arthur, when he was come with another load of pots, toward the end of April; "rackon that Dicky Touchwood be a-plaguing on 'e. I knows what it be, my own sen, missy; the Lord, and my good missus, forgive me for the game! Never could I zee a purty wench, when I were young, wi'out longing to make up to her. Excoose of me, missy, if too free of spache. I only tarks what coometh natteral. To my rank of loife, and conzeiderin' the difference. And you knows it too, by the color on your chakes."

"Mr. Pugsley, you should mind your own business. Your business is to deliver 144 pots, without any cracks in them."

"Bless 'e, Miss Rose, and I have doed it. They little sniggers is what coométh in the baking. Never yet sot I down a deliverance more claner. But you was a very little one, when first I knowed you, and growing bigger every spare-time, wi'out conzeiderin' of it. Lor, why you used to make nort of kissing me, and never ax wuther no pots was cracked. But the chillers grow'th up, miss, by will of the Lord, and doeth like their veythers and their moothers doed avore them. And it coom across my maind, miss, by rason of the dancing-time, that you was to be warneded of being a young 'ooman now, and no moother to look arter 'e. My waife zaith to me, afore prim taime of slumbering—'no moother, Tim, to look arter her, and the Cappen no better than a hanvilsmiter; her wanteth a light hand; Tim, you do it.' Zumtaimes my waife gooeth wrong about men's business, or consarning of me, or even of my datters, when they don't desarve it; but never in her judgment of the gentry, miss."

"I am very much obliged, I am sure, to anybody who wishes to be kind to me, and fancies that I want it. But none of you seem to understand that I have nothing to complain of. I have heard enough of what ladies do, from a young lady who is here, staying in our house; and if nobody wanted pity more than I do, the world would be very happy, Mr. Pugsley."

"Zo 'un be," replied the carrier, stoutly. "I zung a zong all the way from Marton 's marning, and a' can zing a zong wi' ony of the gallery. But I likes to see the young volk a-dancing too. The Lord hath made it natteral to 'un. And when I zeed your little voot a-coomin' from your pettygoat, I said to myzell, what a dancer her would make! Do 'e coom, and zee our May-dancing, that's a dearie."

"I dare say your May-dance is very pretty, or at any rate very queer," said Rose; "but it is not a fit place for ladies, I'm afraid. How can you keep rough people out?"

"If any man offendeth, in zider, ale, or langowich," the carrier answered, austerely, "us kicketh 'un out o' the tree wi'out no rasoning, and a' coometh down zober on the back side of his head. Never has no call to do it twice, miss. 'Twud do 'e good to zee 'un; and our up-stair windy looketh down into the thick of it, like a bird's nestie. Wull 'e coom, if Cappen be agrayable thereto?"

Rose laughed at the idea that her father would consent, and cheerfully promised to go if he should do so. Then Master Pugsley, in a bold yet crafty manner, made approaches to the Captain; and if truth ever did admit ductile or elastic fibre into the close grain of her heart, the carrier found out how to work it, "wi'out telling no lies," as he himself acknowledged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IN a recent lecture before the Alpine Club, in London, Edward Whymper described his ascent of Chimborazo, the summit of which he found to be 20,545 feet high. At the height of a little over 16,000 feet he became feverish, was unable to satisfy his thirst, and could not swallow without gasping. He spent seventeen days on the mountain, and before he descended, all trace of mountain sickness had disappeared.

A writer credits Tom Corwin with having replied, when asked what the inquirer should do to become great: "Young man, be serious. If I had been serious, I might have been President; but now I am nobody but Corwin." The reply was more forcible as Corwin actually made it: "Be a solemn ass—be a solemn ass. The world applauds the ring-master, and laughs at the clown."

This episode of the recent flurry in Wall Street is told:

A handsomely dressed woman alighted from her carriage in front of her broker's office, and hastened into his presence. Being told that it would be ruinous to sell then, she asked, "How much money would be required to convert into investments the stocks you are carrying for me?" The answer was that it would take $87,750. She immediately gave her check for that amount, and returned to her carriage.

A San Francisco tailor has made a coat and trousers the price of which is seven hundred dollars. They are adorned with designs wrought in gold bullion wire, and are to be exhibited on a member of King Kalakaua's suite in his tour around the world.

Stories of eagles flying away with small children may now be told with less mental reservation by intelligent hired nurses, since an eagle in Milton, North Carolina, has succeeded in picking up a baby with its talons, and carrying it about six feet.

A section of a beech-tree, eight inches in diameter, was recently received in Detroit, in which was imbedded the horn of a deer or an elk. The horn extends through from one side to the other, and the prongs, going out in different directions, protrude through the bark, and have the appearance of small knots, as do the ends of the horn. Its presence in the solid wood was not discovered till the block was split.

Many years ago a young man in Massachusetts, who had fallen deeply in love with a comely young woman, popped the question to her across the tea-table of a clergyman whom they were visiting together. Naturally she refused him. He is now, at the age of eighty years, still paying for his offense by living a hermit's life in a wretched shanty in the town of Sharon.

It was Coleridge who, when asked by a shallow fellow, "Do you really believe that an ass ever spoke to Balaam?" replied, "I have been spoken to in the same way myself."

The superstition of the prisoners in the jail at San José, California, is utilized by the prison authorities to enforce submission. Confinement for one night in a cell said to be haunted by the ghost of a Mexican bandit is sufficient to procure a promise of submission from the most hardened convict. A warden of the State-prison in Sing Sing told the writer that the convicts there frequently resorted to ingenious devices to break the solitude of their cells at night, such as feigning sickness, or making an unusual noise at the grate in order to cause the guard to tramp through the gallery. Those prisoners who seemed to be the most hardened and reckless, it was said, were often the most susceptible to the terrors of being alone in a dark cell.

With the hope of solving the liquor problem, which has been for many years in process of solution in Massachusetts, and has furnished campaign material for the political uses of both parties, the selectmen of Brockton made one of their number a dealer in spirituous liquors, and gave him the monopoly of the business in that place. He was required to sell pure liquors at a moderate profit, and was permitted to sell to any person who was not conspicuous as a toper. No liquor was sold to be drunk on the premises. The result of the experiment is said to be gratifying from the temperance point of view, and to have yielded a considerable sum of money for the public purse.

An army officer who was in Big Stone County, Minnesota, during the late severe snow-storm, reports that many of the dwellings there are shanties, built to answer the requirements of the Homestead Law, and that these were completely buried in snow. Ingress and egress were through tunnels. The families burned hay for fuel, and when that supply gave out, they hovered over fires of wheat kernels. In the village of Appleton, which has a population of some four or five hundred, it was estimated that there were not more than two or three tons of coal and half a cord of wood. Three sticks of wood constituted the hotel's supply of fuel.

In England a jockey is not an unimportant personage, even though he weigh only eighty pounds. Harry Constable, jockey to Lord Rosebery, died at that weight a short time ago, attended by Sir William Gull, one of Queen Victoria's physicians.

Motto for spiritualistic mediums: What's the odds, so long as you're rappy?

An auctioneer in Cincinnati recently obtained $1950 for something which had neither weight nor dimension. When the bargain was consummated, nothing that could be detected by any of the senses passed from the seller to the buyer. What was sold was indicated in the auctioneer's catalogue as "Lot 1687." It was the good-will, firm name, and trade-mark of a business house.

An electric reporting machine has been exhibited in Paris. It is the invention of an Italian. The operator plays on a key-board like that of a piano, and characters representing the sounds are produced on a ribbon of paper. These characters are afterward written out in the ordinary alphabet. It is claimed that after a few weeks' practice on the machine a person can report an ordinary speaker verbatim. It will be tested in the Chambers. If the invention does all that is claimed for it, it will not be likely to take their occupations from the phonographic reporters; for, allowing every claim, it would fail at some important stage of nearly every piece of work to which it should be put. Rapidity of thought, deftness of fingers, and promptness in adopting expedients are all essential when, as frequently happens in courts, committees, and legislative bodies, the speaker is interrupted, and the presiding officer breaks in on both speakers. The competent reporter will manage to indicate somewhere on his page every word, and the place where it should be inserted. No machine operated on the key-board plan is likely to prove equal to such a task. Owing to the admirable system to which phonography has been reduced, and the consequent ease with which it is learned, phonographers have become so numerous that the daily newspapers find all the verbatim reporters they have need for without paying them any more than they pay their long-hand reporters.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Living too long.—Plagiarism for its own Sake.—Interesting Convalescents.—The Players and the Snow.—The American Copyright Scheme.—Land-Slips.—How the Poor are cheated.

IT is a theme, I perceive, of general congratulation that Thomas Carlyle should have reached so extreme a limit of human life. To this doctrine I can not subscribe. It seems to me that Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot had a better fate. One can not forget that in his later years Carlyle gave his vote for American slavery, and became more or less allied with aristocratic principles. I prefer to think of him as the historian of the Revolution, and the destroyer of shams and hypocrisies. What vigor the man had! what confidence in the right! what loathing of the false and the base! and yet what a noble tenderness and pity for human weakness underlay it all!

In the matter of literary kleptomania—plagiarism—there can be no doubt that Lord Beaconsfield stands *facile princeps*. Even in *Endymion* half a dozen instances have been pointed out, and sometimes with an innocent wonder that shows the discoverer is a very young critic. Moreover, his lordship always steals from small people—Mortimer Collins, writers in the *Sporting Magazine*, etc.; for though he once took whole pages of the *Edinburgh Review* to swell one of his three-volume novels, he did not know at the time that he was filching from Macaulay. But the other day a still more curious example occurred of the love of literary theft for its own sake. Some scribe in the *Whitehall Review* has actually been stealing from Lord Desart's novels. He has confessed his crime, and in doing so is proved to have some merit besides penitence, namely, the gift of humor. He fell into the error of copying his lordship's words, he says, through having been recently reading his lordship's works *to improve his style*.

To pass to another class of plunderers, who would think of a Band of Hope being in reality a band of juvenile brigands, or a Sunday-school a school for pickpockets? I don't mean to say that *that* has happened, but, what is quite as strange, the Convalescent Hospital at Weybridge has, it seems, been made use of by burglars as a convenient habitat for the exercise of their calling. There are a good many well-furnished villas in the neighborhood, and certain gentlemen of this profession have actually, I read, given themselves the trouble to affect convalescence, and be received at this institution, in order to "crack" a few of them. A detective from Scotland Yard met the interesting inmates "out for an airing" in the vicinity, and at once recognized Mr. William Sykes and others affecting delicacy of constitution. Imagine neuralgia with a crowbar, and the last faint symptoms of bronchitis with a centre-bit!

It is worth noting, by-the-bye, that one disease which burglars must *not* have is asthma. At Bournemouth, the other day, "Lady Feversham and her daughter heard some one breathing hard under the library table," who turned out to be of this calling; he had his boots off, but had, unfortunately for himself, omitted to put on a respirator. I have heard people breathe very hard indeed *over* a library table (with the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh* in their laps), but never under. No wonder it attracted her ladyship's attention.

Among the people to be pitied in the late snow deluge, actors occupied the first place; it was bad enough for play-goers, but they had at worst to stop at home. The poor players had to get to their theatres somehow, and home again. Miss Kate Santly, I read, being unable on that first (and worst) Tuesday to procure either cab or carriage to take her to Drury Lane, hailed the driver of a van, and by blandishments and largesse prevailed on him to deposit her at her destination as heavy goods.

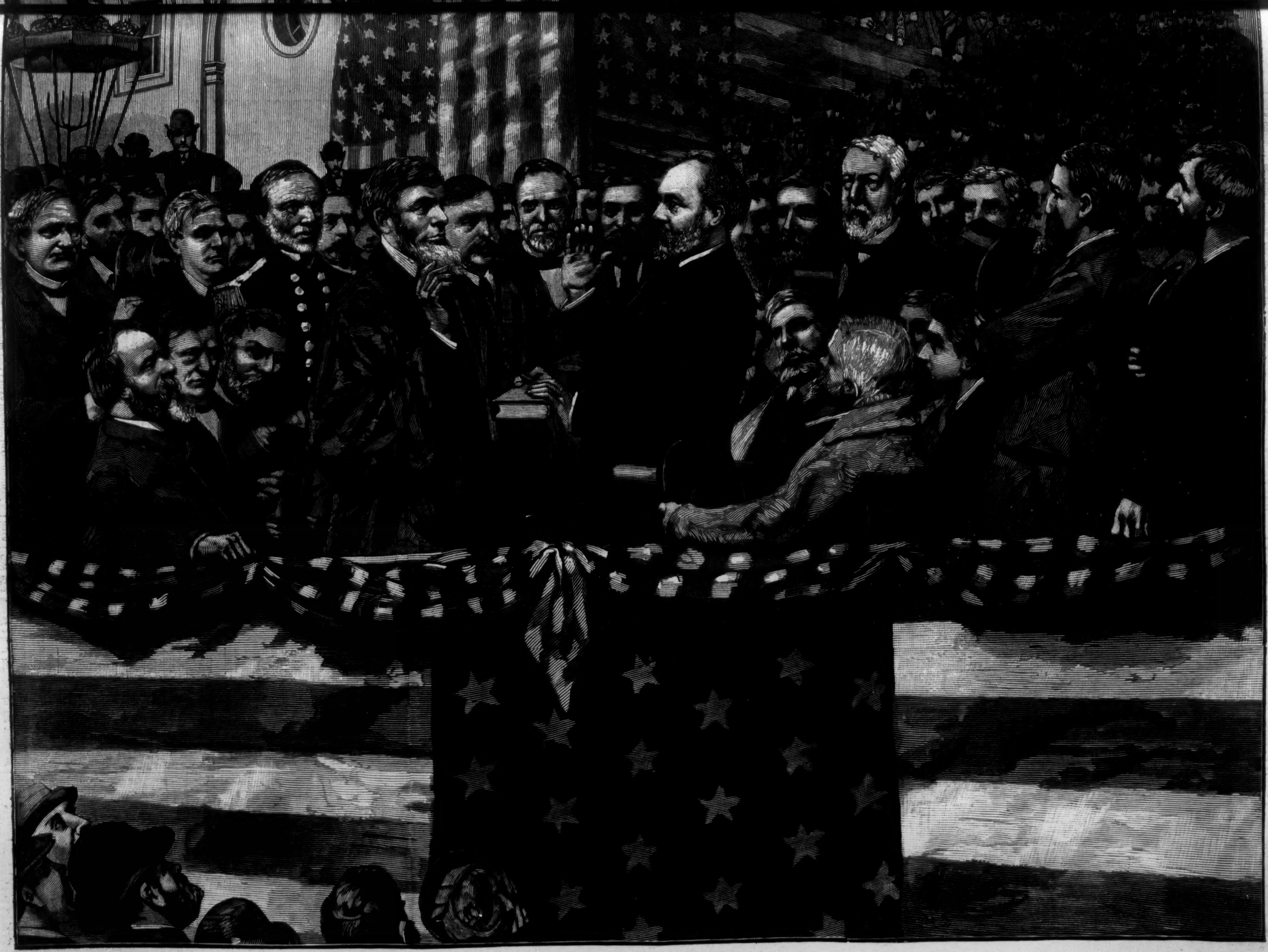
A friend of mine described to me a moving appeal made by a theatrical manager to his scanty audience, which resulted in their all taking back their money or accepting tickets for another night, except three persons, a gentleman and two ladies, who sat imperturbably in their stalls. If it is hard to play to thirty people, it must be harder to play to only three, and the manager once more appeared before the curtain, and besought the indulgence of this remnant. "Sir," replied the gentleman, "what you remark is full of good sense; but we live in a suburb; not a cab can be procured for love or money, and our brougham is ordered for eleven o'clock. What on earth are we to do in the mean time?" The little party were invited behind the curtain, and passed a very pleasant evening.

On Saturday last there was a great gathering of authors and publishers in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, in Albemarle Street, to consider the American proposals for an international copyright law. I need not say that they met with universal acceptance. There were, indeed, some grounds of objection, such as that "within three months of publication" was a period too short for an English author to make his agreement across the water; but that is a matter of detail. Even as the American offer stands, it was accepted very gladly, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. The two suggestions of our Board of Trade were, on the other hand, unanimously disapproved of. That "literature should be as free as the air we breathe" is a very pretty sentiment, but authors (and even publishers) must have something more than air to live upon. If they get nothing else, the world will have to live without books, save those supplied to it at their own cost by amateur authors, of which I wish it joy. I am as much in favor of cheap books as anybody, but they can not be made *dirt* cheap at a profit. A very popular novelist may perhaps, in England, sell of a two-shilling edition of a three-volume novel, say, 20,000 copies. But the profit out of this to be divided between author and publisher must be reckoned in pence only, and it takes a good many pence to make a pound. At the meeting in Albemarle Street the unanimity of author and publisher was quite touching, and suggested the picture of the lion lying down with the lamb (and for once *not* "with the lamb inside him") to every spectator. It should be remembered that the extension of time suggested for publication was merely a suggestion; the meeting was very ready to accept the American terms as they stood, and the feeling generally expressed toward Cousin Jonathan was very kindly and appreciative. If the proposed treaty becomes law, it will tend to bind the two nations together more than all the after-dinner speeches ever delivered, for a deep root of bitterness will be extracted by it from every English author's mind.

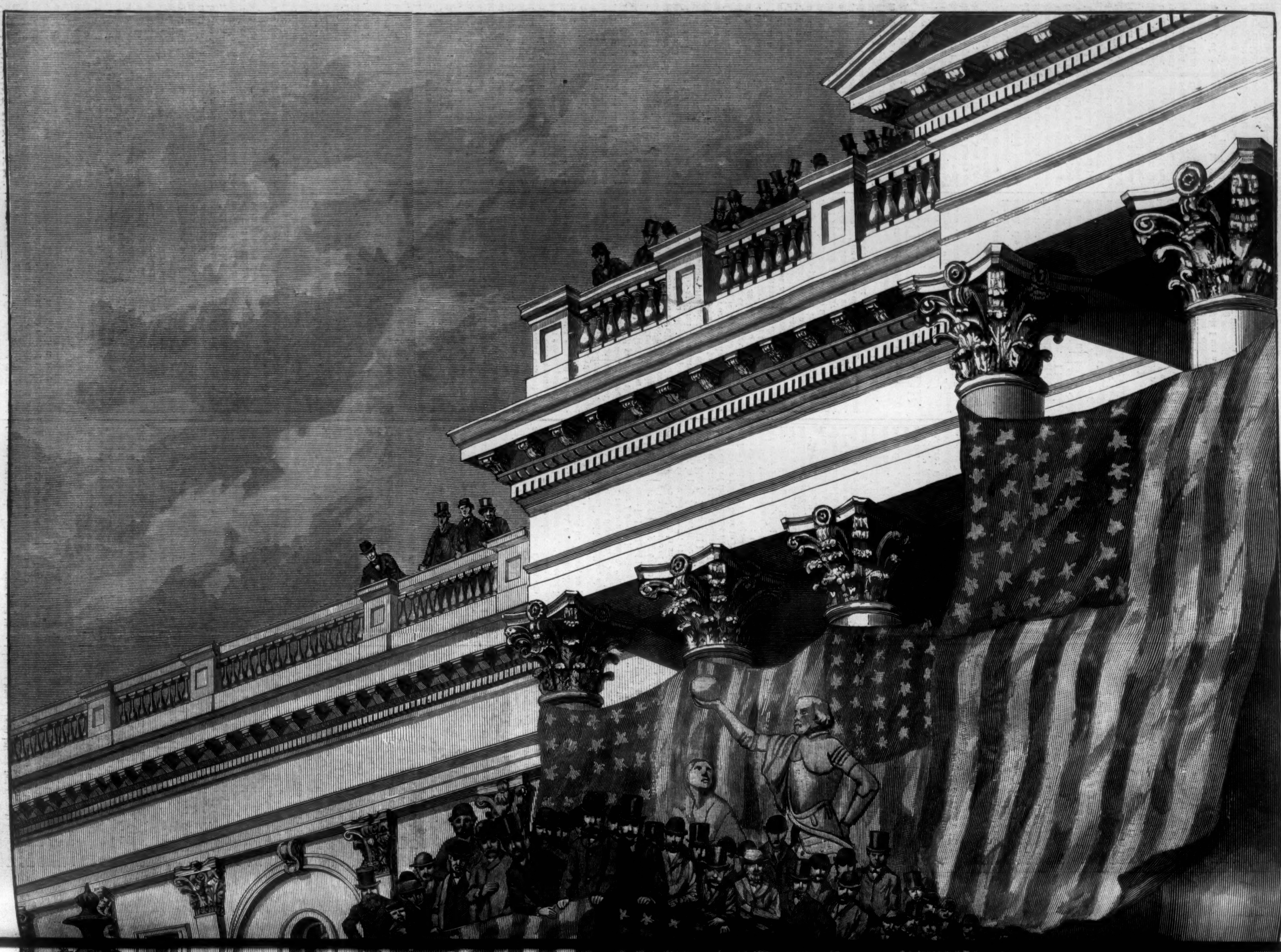
Before the late Irish disturbances "the land" used to be considered a type of all that was most firm with us. "As safe as a church," has not been a popular proverb since the cry of disestablishment arose, but "the land," and "a rock," were synonymous as expressions of solidity. During recent months all this is changed, and to add to the general feeling of insecurity, the land in England has taken to slipping about. It may be owing to the late frosts, but it may also be nervousness as to its present position. In the Isle of Wight land-slips are taking place everywhere, but especially in the beautiful Undercliff, itself a land-slip—as an Irishman would say—of several years' standing. The whole of the cliff above Black Gang Chine, well known to tourists and smugglers, is moving seaward on what is locally termed the "Blue Slipper." This seems to me a light and fairy-like way of talking about a very serious catastrophe. I can fancy few situations more unpleasant than being the proprietor of a marine residence, who every morning on looking out of window finds himself nearer to the beach. In such a position of affairs, I should concentrate all my energies on the disposal of my villa, "a great bargain, with immediate possession," to some individual who had never so much as heard of a land-slip, and would only associate a "blue slipper" with Cinderella.

A general in the army and a C. B. has been buying dates in the city out of a coster-monger's barrow, and greatly (though of course he paid for them) to his credit. It would be better for the world generally if the upper half of it did concern itself a little more with the lower, and learn by experiment how it lives. The dates were twopence a pound, and the general thinking the bag looked a small one, said so. He was informed that it was "good weight." The general went into a shop, weighed the bag, and found it exactly half a pound. On this he summoned the coster-monger, who has very properly been punished for his fraud. But think of how many poor folks the fellow cheated before a general bought his dates! Among the countless ills of poverty is the fact that everything bought in small quantities must needs be dear; but if pound weights are only half-pounds, it is no wonder that the wages of the poor go such a little way. I wish we had more such generals. I have heard that the baked potatoes sold in the streets are excellent, but I have hitherto taken other people's word for it. (*Tater Khan, from the top of the Haymarket*, was one of the *dramatis personæ* in a famous burlesque.) I think I shall try an out-of-door potato. But the butter? The vender keeps it in a trough like engine grease. I think I will try it without butter, and go to the police court if no reduction in price is made on that account.

R. KEMBLE, of London.



THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 180.]



CORPORATIONS AND THE STATE.

The growth of great corporations among us has produced a singular result. The whole internal trade and communication of the country has fallen under the control of a few active men. Not a bushel of wheat can come from Chicago in January without their approval, and not a passenger cross the continent without paying them an exorbitant toll. We have subjected the whole country to the will of a new kind of conquerors, and the railroad king is as yet possessed of an undisputed sway. And ours is the only country that has pursued this peculiar policy, and sold its highways to almost any bidder. Nowhere, in any age, have the means of internal intercourse been so completely intrusted to private hands. The English railways, by a provision of their charters, may at any time be taken possession of by the state, and at a fair valuation become the property of the nation; in France, the great lines are owned by the whole people, and used for their benefit; Belgium holds all its railroads, and finds them profitable; Germany, and every other European nation, have carefully provided that the common means of traffic and travel shall be under the direct supervision of the state.

It is not because our people have not contributed to the building of our railroads that they abstain from all interest in their management. Many of them have been aided by donations and benefactions from the people. The Pacific Railroad, an admirable and wonderful work, owes its origin and success to lavish gifts from the national Treasury; it is, in fact, a military highway, built to bind together the extremities of the nation. The Northern Pacific Railroad depends upon the donations of the public land for its credit and progress. And all the great highways that will at last pierce the Rocky Mountains, and bind ocean to ocean in a lasting union, must look for aid and countenance to a friendly government. In a similar way each State has built its own roads. Massachusetts has expended millions on its Western route; New York lent money and credit to the Erie Railway, and gave valuable privileges to the Central. The Southern and Western railways have nearly all been created by State or national aid. They are not private corporations, but are the actual creations of all the people; they were intended not only for private but for public benefit; and hence it is a proper conclusion that the people still retain the right of supervision over the whole system, and can insist that the interest of the community shall be consulted in its management rather than that of a few owners.

No one would withhold from these energetic and able men their just reward, or doubt the real value of the active railway managers to the whole country. They are among its most useful citizens. They have pushed on their lines of travel often into the heart of the wilderness, and helped emigration. The real mental power and firm will of a Vanderbilt revived the principal avenue from the West to New York, and made it one of the most complete and secure of railways. He was rewarded by an immense fortune, which he had certainly deserved. The railway builders are, in fact, a class of men possessed of great foresight, prudence, intelligence. They watch keenly the wants of the various sections of the country, and plant their lines of traffic and travel wherever they seem most needed. They point out to the capitalist the profitable investment, and provide for the people a secure means of conveyance. The American railway system exceeds in extent that of all the world besides. It is growing with a rapidity that seems to have no limit; and its improvement in solidity and safety is due to the intelligence and incessant labor of its managers. Our railway chiefs hold positions full of responsibility, anxiety, and vigilant care.

They, in their rude, unsparing energy, contend with each other like Titans in their fierce rivalry; they struggle with each other to control the avenues of trade; they spare no means, fair or otherwise, to deceive or overcome each other. One day they enter into a new "pool," or compact, to oppress merchants and travellers, and the next are found breaking their own rules, and convicted of utter insincerity. A perfect uncertainty hangs over all their operations. The price of travel between the East and West varies with each week or month; the shipper of wheat never knows on what rate to rely; the whole trade of New York is held in suspense, while acute and energetic railway managers engage in violent contests to control it, or tax it for their own advantage. As New York becomes more and more each day the centre of all national life, their influence grows less tolerable. Its people begin to chafe under this peculiar form of despotism that enables our railway men to lay at will a tax on every citizen of one, two, or three per cent. of his whole property, to raise the price of wheat ten or twenty cents a bushel, and make the loaf of bread pay their extra dividend. It is, in fact, the very energy and mental force of our railroad managers that make them dangerous; they are better fitted to point out the proper site for a track, a station, a bridge, than to look to the economical tendencies of their own action, and its influence on the welfare of the people. They are enthusiasts carried away by a violent impulse, a hope of boundless gain, a contempt for moral and political obstacles. Now, it is said, they buy a Legislature, now a Governor.

The tendency of these corporations is to consolidation. Recently we have seen the whole telegraphic system condensed into one company, and the intelligence of the country taxed to maintain a heavy dividend; we have seen railroad after railroad melt into one great monopoly, the idea of competition set aside, and a general union formed to raise the price of travel and freight. There seems, indeed, no precise rule for the cost of carriage of goods or passengers. In summer, when the Erie Canal is open, and the State controls one at least of the avenues of trade, the railway managers find that they can carry goods as cheaply as the canal; they lower their rates, they run into an excess of competition, and accommodate the public at the cost of their shareholders. They must meet with a severe loss. But no sooner does winter cut off the public highway than they repay themselves. The rates of carriage are largely increased, the war of the railways begins, the great masters of internal communication, so mild and tolerant when held in check by the public rivalry, now grow bold and ardent, make what they can from the people, and do what damage they can to each other. Yet it is not denied that they manage their railways well, that accidents on American railways are less frequent than on the English, that American cars are more convenient and comfortable than foreign cars, and that our system of internal highways surpasses all that has been done in Europe in extent, if not in lasting value.

It is easy to imagine a system of railways complete and scientific. It should be arranged like the streets of a regular city; its lines should run straight to their object as a Roman road. The workmanship should be massive and enduring as an Appian Way. There should be no danger of falling bridges, treacherous embankments, and imperfect rails. The whole system should be constructed to last for ages. But nothing of this kind has yet been produced, and our railroads, under private management, are frail, transitory, and built at an excessive cost. It is only under the direct care of the nation that the unity of the system can be produced, and it is probable that the people will be driven at last to exercise a close supervision over their own highways, and enforce a certain unity in their construction and charges. The cost of carriage must be regulated by the cost of building and management; and on this head we want a Congressional inquiry, and a careful return of receipts and expenses from our prominent lines. The profits of some of our companies every one is familiar with. The profit from the carriage of passengers far exceeds that from freight. It has been estimated in England that a ton of passengers produces about four dollars, a ton of mineral freight only a seventh or eighth of that sum. The underground lines in London make their large profits from passengers alone. It is even suggested by some English authorities that railways can not carry heavy and low-priced freight without loss, and never when in competition with a canal.

In speed, American railways are surpassed by the English. The trains from London to Edinburgh run at the rate of forty miles an hour, the train from London to Bristol at seventy miles. The most rapid travel in France, says Franqueville, is at thirty miles an hour; the Belgian and other Continental railways are still slower. It seems probable that the railway is still young; that it will grow into a regular and perfect system; that our whole country will be laid out into highways as straight as a Roman road, or a Fifth or Eighth Avenue; that massive works will be built to support the travel of fifty millions of people, and speed and safety be attained by a careful application of scientific principles. All corporations, in fact, must be held accountable to the people. The telegraph monopoly or the railway monopoly can never long exist; it must be broken up by the general tendency of the age. Railway and corporate kings are as liable to be dethroned as Stuarts and Bourbons; and if they fail to prove themselves real servants of the people, furnishing their wares at a low cost, and avoiding all appearance of arbitrary taxation, they must soon be deposed. Railways are national educators. They open the paths of intelligence, and carry the common school with them wherever they go, and hence the monopoly that controls them impedes knowledge, and stops the course of civilization. The question of their management is one of the most important of all.

Eugene Lawrence.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1263.]

INTO THE SHADE.

By MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Myddelton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," "The Squire's Legacy," etc.

II.

The sea had been wild and stormy all that winter day. The wind moaned in the chimneys, and shook the windows threateningly. The sullen, hollow sound of the waves drowned it sometimes; but there it was all day—uneasy, restless, shrill. The girls had clustered close together at the study fire, and were cheering each other. I had been practicing; but when the music-room grew dark I went down stairs, and seeing the school-room deserted, I went in to watch the storm, for this room looked out upon the sea, and the shutters were not shut. Standing at the window in the dusk, I saw Leoline, and I started a little at sight of the tiny, motionless figure.

"You have left your studies at last, Eve; I'm so glad!" she said. "Life is too short for such long studies. Stay with me. I wish I were not fascinated to watch this storm. How hungry the sea looks!"

"So grand," I answered, quietly.

"Yet very terrible," she echoed, drearily. "Eve, on such nights as this I am a little child again, without my thoughts seeming to have to go back at all. I am living through that terrible night which I can not grasp—which always seems floating at a little distance from me, yet sometimes almost comes within my grasp. It is another country," she went on, looking eagerly out, and holding my fingers tight within her own, "and there is an awful storm upon the sea; and there's a little ship with beautiful things about it, and the sails set, and only just—as it seems—ourselves on board. But I don't know who ourselves are; I can not grasp that. There is another child playing with me while the sun shines on the waves, and clinging to me when the waves grow angry, but never near me after that. Sometimes a lady takes me into her arms—a lady whose face is like mamma's face; and yet, when I look at mamma's face, it does not recall it. A gentleman holds me in his arms as the vessel rocks and sways, and another gentleman whispers something hoarsely to us both, while he seems to tie a rope about me. But I can not bring back their faces, nor anything after that, except one long and terrible cry I heard. Oh, Eve, I wish the memory would fade! but it always, always comes back and stays with me on such days as this, so that I think"—the child's voice sunk to a whisper here, and a great weariness came into her eyes—"so that I think I have not done with it; that some day I shall see it again; and that it will never be clear to me until I do."

"Don't be so fanciful, Leoline," I said, in my matter-of-fact way.

"No; mamma says she knows nothing of it, though she was in Italy at the time. Don't go back to your studies, Eve; stay here. If you must be doing something, sing. I like to hear your calm, low, English voice; it is like the dear fireside of my English home in its effect on me."

"Your own singing, dear, what effect has that on you?"

"My own?" she answered, with a laugh. "The same effect as these thrilling, aching, passionate memories of my own land have; and it makes me tremble as I tremble in these mighty storms. My voice could never have been given to soothe me, Eve—at any rate, not until its passion dies. Even when I keep it soft and hushed, it is only like the pause upon the sea before these wonderful storms begin. You know what I mean: I feel as if it were waiting to show its power."

"Nonsense, Leoline!" I said, laughing; "you are a ridiculously fanciful girl. You don't deserve such an exquisite voice as you have; you don't appreciate it."

"I do," she answered, with quick earnestness, "because Hector loves it, and mamma. I hope I shall never need to like it for any other reason."

"Of course you will," I laughed.

So little we knew—we two untaught, unseeing school-girls—as we watched the storm that day!

"I think that if I might choose my own death, Leoline," I said, presently, "I would be lost out there. What a wide, almost sublime, grave it seems; so still it must be below, so glorious in its unrest above!"

"Oh, not there!" said Leoline, shudderingly; "I can not bear that thought. You," she added, trying to speak more naturally, "would wonder if you knew how I dread loneliness. I remember, when we were in Scotland last summer, I sat for hours beside a solitary grave upon the cliffs, feeling it must be the grave of a girl like myself, washed homeward, dead, in such a storm as that which has once belonged to my life. I sat there with her, in pity for her utter loneliness. Wasn't it a silly idea? How well I remember the spot!—the quietest, most solitary, I almost ever saw, above one of the wildest little coves on the coast. I remember going back to it at the very last, and staying beside it as long as I might. It was just such an evening as this: the troubled sea lay before me, the darkening land behind, the angry sky over all; and, child as I was, I remember praying aloud that Heaven would spare me from such a lonely death—from such intense and utter loneliness afterward."

"Why, Leoline," I said, laughingly, trying to turn the child's thoughts, "you are the most imaginative atom I ever came across. Do you know, I too have seen a lonely grave beside the sea. I saw it on a golden summer evening, when the setting sun left bright, warm kisses on it, and there was a restful hush upon the sea and land just suited to it. I thought it beautiful. Things are to us, dear, so entirely what we think them, that we should always think as brightly as we can; and the end is not left for us to choose, you know."

"No," she returned, dreamily: "don't mind me, Eve; the storm has made me gloomy, as it always does; but I think some day even that will be clear." And then, with a sudden impulse, she put her arms around my neck and kissed me long and clingingly. "I shall be thankful for your love through all my life," she whispered.

III.

Seven years had passed since I had said good-by to Leoline in our little bedroom at school; seven years since that last night through which we lay awake, talking of the veiled future we were going next day to meet; and the history of these years I can tell in very few words. I would not correspond with any of my old school-fellows after I left school. With most, I did not care to do so; with others, I felt that I ought not. But how could I tell even Leoline all my proud and stubborn reasons for this? I told her her life would pass in a different sphere from mine, and there I let it rest. But seven years after I left Miss Irving my mother died, and then I knew that I must work to win a home and livelihood.

But where was I to look for the work which I was willing enough to do? I answered many advertisements, and advertised until I could afford to do so no longer. Then, as a last resource, I determined to appeal to my old school-mistress to help me if she could.

All my silent pride at once broke down upon her kind reception of me; and when she told me that for months a letter had been waiting for me, evidently from some kind friend who was determined to seek me out, I felt for the first time really grateful for the friendship which I had always felt it my duty to resist.

The letter was from Leoline, and with it came one from her adopted mother, Mrs. Warren, of Hurstone. I think I could repeat every kind and loving line of both letters, but there is little need to do so. Mrs. Warren asked me, as if it were a favor to herself, to come and be a friend and companion to her daughter, and make my home among them. Leoline pleaded with me to grant her mother's request; told me what good I should do her, how happy I should make her, and how happy she would try to make me.

They were words which might well bring the hot, grateful tears into my tired eyes, and might well be answered by my thankful acceptance of their offer, only that I said I would go upon a visit. Suppose they did not like me, I thought, and yet felt bound to keep me, as they had said they would!

So it was arranged that I was to go to Hurstone on a long visit; and one bright May evening I reached Lyttelton station, and found Leoline on the platform waiting for me.

How sweet it was to be received so gladly and so lovingly! She led me out to where a carriage waited—a long low phaeton, with luxurious rugs and cushions—and beside it stood a gentleman with half a dozen dogs about him—a young gentleman, tall and broad-shouldered, with bright curly hair and a long mustache, with blue eyes, frank and clear, yet darkening gravely and kindly in a moment.

"Eve, this is Hector," Leoline said; and that was all her introduction.

But I could not feel shy or uncomfortable for a moment with Hector Warren. I can not explain why, any more than I can properly describe his appearance. I can only say there was something about him which put every one at ease in his presence, and made it almost happiness to be near him.

I sat in front with Hector—we called each other Miss Merrion and Mr. Warren for a little time, but Leoline soon laughed us out of that, and I can only write of him now as Hector—and Leoline leaned upon the back of the seat and talked to us all the way.

What a beautiful drive it was, among the towering mountains! I could scarcely join at all in the talk for gazing about me, until the horses drew up before a long gray house, behind which rose the rich wide woods, and, higher still beyond, the great mountain Leoline had often told me of—the Bretton.

Mrs. Warren met me, and kissed me, on the terrace steps; and even before I saw her at all with Leoline or Hector, I felt what a mother she must be. She had a beautiful, gentle face; and when Hector stood beside her, I saw the strong likeness between them, though he was a tall and splendid-looking man, and she was a slight and delicate woman. Mr. Warren joined us as we stood there, and his hearty hand-shake and genial welcome made me feel at home with him at once.

"Isn't it a happy home to have been given to me?" asked Leoline, in an almost breathless whisper, as she led me into my bright, pretty room. "Oh, Eve, last summer, when mamma brought me home again from Italy, I felt that I could never leave home again; and in the winter, when Hector came back from his grand tour, he said the same. I think I couldn't leave again, I love it so. Eve, promise to stay here always with me."

I only laughed, of course, and told her I was come to stay all the summer; but I felt how happily my life might pass in this luxurious and loving home.

That night Leoline sung to me, laughingly exhibiting what Hector called "the Italian finish" she had acquired. What a perfect picture she made, standing near the piano at one end of the brilliant room—she never played her own accompaniments—never glancing at the music on the stand, her great dark eyes flashing and beaming to the notes she sung.

Though there was such a fascination upon me to watch her, I could not help seeing Hector at the same time; and upon him the fascination seemed still stronger. With all his heart in his beautiful grave eyes, he sat gazing at Leoline; and when she had finished, and come merrily up to us, he sighed, as if the enjoyment had been almost oppressive. Seeing them together, even on that first night, I knew that what Leoline had told me at school was quite true—they loved each other better than all the world besides.

It did not strike me that Mrs. Warren noticed this, though I fancied that her husband did; and it seemed as if the knowledge could only increase his cherishing love for the girl who had so entirely won the heart of his son. His son! It sometimes made me frightened a little to see the intense, almost idolatrous love of the father for his only child. A less true and many nature than Hector's might have taken bitter advantage of it.

"What do you think of Leoline's singing now, Eve?" asked Mrs. Warren, joining me, as Leoline began to arrange the chess-board for herself and her father, and Hector looked on and teased them both. "We have had great pains taken in the cultivation of her voice. I have from the first determined to do so, because—" she lowered her voice a little, and spoke with loving seriousness—"if she does not marry during my lifetime, she may wish to have the means in her power of earning her own livelihood. I trust this may never be—and I am saving for her all the time; besides which, I know that Mr. Warren will never consent to her leaving him; but it is only just to the child to have her prepared for the worst that may befall me. It can do her no harm now, and some day she may thank us for this thought. The Hurstone property, with Mr. Warren's Scotch estate—indeed, I may say everything we possess—is strictly entailed. Hector will, of course, most justly, inherit everything; but as the children have been brought up together, it would be unfair for one to be left unprovided for and incapable of providing for herself."

"How deep a place she has won in all your

hearts?" I said, involuntarily, as I listened to her loving voice.

"A deep one indeed," Mrs. Warren responded, earnestly. "What a child she looks there beside Hector, doesn't she? No one would believe that he was the younger."

"Is it really so?" I asked, even yet a little incredulous.

"Yes, really."

Those happy summer days passed so rapidly that, looking back upon them now, they seem to have fled on wings of sunshine, until one August day when Mr. Warren was summoned to France to his dying mother. Of course his wife went with him, after leaving many loving instructions with me to "keep the household in order."

There was no need of a chaperon for Leoline, there among her own people and the old faithful servants, and in her brother's house, as it were; and Mrs. Warren said so, laughingly, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Mrs. Hill will save you all trouble, my dears," she said—Mrs. Hill was the pleasant, lady-like old housekeeper—"and from day to day I shall be hoping to return."

Oh, if she had but come soon enough!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I MEANE WELL BY GOD THAT SIT ABOVE."

It was pleasant to drink tea at a little table in the garden of the inn, with the white mountain world spread before them in all its glory, flushed with the golden lights of afternoon. Edgar looked ineffably happy as he sat sipping his tea, and watching Daphne eat bread and honey, which seemed her chief nutriment in this part of the world; for Swiss poultry and Swiss veal, for all the varieties of vol-au-vents, fricandeaux, ris de veau, and fricassee, under which the inevitable calf disguised himself, she showed herself absolutely indifferent; but she had an infinite capacity for Swiss rolls and Swiss honey.

While they were sitting at tea, resting before they began the downward walk, Mr. Turchill produced a letter which that morning's post had brought him from his mother—one of those worthy, commonplace letters which set one's teeth on edge when read aloud amidst the loftiest aspects of nature; but Edgar saw nothing beyond the love and the kindness in his mother's epistle, and would have read it on the summit of Caucasus, on that topmost untrodden snow peak which the Persians call the Holy Mountain, and would have perceived no discord between the letter and the scene.

"The dear mother's letter is full of you, Daphne," he said. "Would it bore you and Mr. Goring if I were to read a little of it, Lina?"

Mr. Goring protested, with a stifled yawn, that he would be delighted.

Edgar unfolded the thin, closely written sheet, written in those neat, sloping characters which had been drilled into all the young ladies at Miss Tompion's academy, and crossed; for the habit of crossing a letter had obtained in Mrs. Turchill's youth, and she returned to it instinctively under stress of foreign postage.

"'I am pleased to hear that Daphne is enjoying herself, and that she is so enthusiastic about the scenery. I remember, when I learned drawing at Miss Tompion's, doing a very pretty sketch of Chamounix, with Mont Blanc in the background, in black and white chalks on tinted paper. I have always understood that the Jungfrau is very inferior to Mont Blanc; but as you say Byron loved it, I have no doubt it is very beautiful, though, of course, in a minor degree. Every geography will tell you that Mont Blanc is the higher. I hope you are careful to avoid wet feet' —hum—hum—hum," mumbled Edgar, skipping the tender mother's injunctions about his care of his health, and hurrying on to that part of the letter which related to Daphne. "Oh, here it is: 'Tell Daphne, with my love, that I am going carefully over all the house-linen—weeding out all the sheets that are weak in the middle'—dear old mother! she always will go into details—'and making a large addition to the table-linen. I have also had a new inventory made in duplicate. I know that the modern idea is for the bride to provide the house-linen. That is all very well when the husband is a young man who has his own way to make in the world, but not for my boy, who has a home of his own—a fine old house which his ancestors have lived in and spent their money upon for generation upon generation. I hope Daphne will be as fond of the old Hawksyard glass and china, which, as she knows, is the collection of more than a century, as she is of the mountains; but I'm afraid the romantic kind of temperament which goes into raptures with mountains is hardly the disposition which could take delight in housekeeping, and the many details of home life.' I hope you won't be angry with her for saying that," added Edgar, apologetically, as he hastily folded the letter, feeling that he had read too much. "You know she means it kindly."

"I know she has been ever so much more indulgent than I deserve," answered Daphne, gayly. "I mean to be a most dutiful daughter-in-law, and to learn everything your mother will deign to teach me in the way of housekeeping, from hemming tea-cloths to making mince-meat. One ought to make one's own mince-meat, ought one not, Edgar? Do you and I belong to the class who make their own mince-meat?"

"I think it's rather a question of inclination than of rank, love. But I'd rather you left the pies and puddings to the cook. I'd rather have you riding across the Vale of the Red Horse with me than stoning raisins or chopping suet in the still-room."

"And I would rather too."

And now, when all the valley below them lay steeped in golden light, when the northward-facing mountains were beginning to take the chill cold gray of evening, and the western pinnacles were flushed with rose and purple, they began their descent of the narrow winding way, gayly, to all seeming, for they talked a good deal, and Daphne lingered on her way to gather the wild flowers that grew on the thymy banks. Gerald had more than once to insist upon her hastening her footsteps, lest night should overtake them on the steep mountain path.

"If you loiter so much, I will put you into a wooden sledge when we get to the half-way house, and run you down the mountain," he threatened.

They had loitered as long as it was safe to loiter. The lamps were lighted at the inn, and their coachman was watching for their return. They drove home through the gray twilight, which was fast deepening into night, and through a landscape of deepest gloom—a narrow region, walled in by dark hills; dim lights, dotted here and there amidst the darkness, ever so far apart, telling of lonely lives, of humble peasant homes where pleasure and variety were unknown, a life of monotonous labor, hidden from the world.

"Have you enjoyed your day, Daphne?" asked Lina, as they drove home, the rapid river flowing noisily beside them, the white foam on the waters flashing through the gloom.

"Enjoyed it! There is no word big enough to say how delightful it has been. It is a day that will stand apart in the history of my life," answered Daphne, slipping her hand lovingly through her sister's arm.

"What a privileged nature, to be so easily made happy!" said Gerald, with a palpable sneer.

Gerald Goring had been thinking deeply during the hill-side walk and the homeward drive, touched inexpressibly by Madoline's affection, and trying as honestly as was possible to a character which was not given to mental or moral effort—trying to face a future clouded over with fears. Could he ever be again, as he had been, Madoline's true lover? This was the question which he asked himself, coming down the hill, in the glory of the evening light, a little aloof from the other three. His honor and reverence for her were in no wise lessened by that fatal passion which had changed the current of his life. He knew that of all women he had ever met she was the noblest and the best; that, with her, life would be lifted above the sordid, vulgar level of selfish pleasures and sensual indulgences; that as her husband he could not fail to become in some wise useful to his species, to win some measure of renown, and to leave a name behind him that would sound sweet in the ears of generations to come. He could imagine her in the riper beauty of matronhood, the mother of his children, training up his sons to tread the loftier paths of life, rearing his daughters in an atmosphere of purity and love. He pictured her at the head of his household; he told himself that with such a wife he must be an idiot if he missed happiness. And then he looked with gloomy, despairing eyes at the other side of the question, and tried to realize what his life would be with the butterfly being who had crept into his heart, and made herself its empress.

As well as he knew Lina's perfection did he know Daphne's faultiness. She was frivolous, selfish, shallow, capricious, vehement. Yes, but he loved her. She had no higher idea of this world than as a place made exquisitely beautiful in order that she might be happy in it; nor of her fellow-creatures than as persons provided to minister to her pleasures; nor of the future beyond life than as a vague, misty something which had better not be thought about; nor of duty but as a word found in the Church catechism, and which one might banish from one's mind after one's confirmation. Yes, but he loved her. Her faultiness did not lessen his love by the weight of a grain of thistle-down. He yearned to take her to his heart, faulty as she was, and cherish her there forever. He longed to spend the rest of his days with her, and it seemed to him that life would be worthless without her. She might prove a silly wife, a careless mother. Yes, but he loved her. For him she was just the one most exquisite thing in creation, the one supreme necessity of his soul.

It was past nine o'clock when they drove into the shrubberied approach to the Jungfraublick. The hotel looked dazzling after the obscurity of the valley. Daphne would have liked to dash into the billiard-room and challenge her lover to a game; but, since it was impossible for a young lady to play at a public table, she went up stairs to the sitting-room on the first floor, where Sir Vernon was waiting for them, and where there was a table spread with tea, cold chickens, and rolls and honey. Lina sat by her father, telling him the history of their day, and hearing all he had to say about his letters and papers; Edgar was in tremendous spirits, and inclined to make fun of the queer little village on the edge of everlasting snows; Daphne was talkative; Sir Vernon was gracious. It was only Gerald who bore no part in the conversation. He looked worn and wearied with the day's work, and yet it had been nothing for an Alpine climber, a mere constitutional walk, barely enough to keep a man in training. When tea was over he retired to the balcony, and sat there, smoking cigarettes and watching the moon climb the dark slopes of heaven, while the others looked over newly arrived papers and periodicals, and discussed to-morrow's trip to Grindelwald and the glaciers.

The morning came, as fair and fresh a dawn as ever peeped shyly across the edge of the Alps; but Gerald, watching the slow kindling of that rosy glow after a sleepless night, greeted the new day with no thanksgiving. He rose with that inexorable sun, which pursues his course with so little regard for the griefs and perplexities of humanity, and was out in the dewy woods above the hotel before civilized people were stirring.

What was he to do? he asked himself, helplessly. What did Wisdom counsel? What did Honor urge? Surely about this latter voice there could be no question. Honor would have him be true to Madoline, at any sacrifice of his own feelings. Duty was plain enough here. He had pledged himself to her by every bond which honest men hold sacred. He must keep his word.

"But if we are both miserable for life?" he asked himself. "Can she be happy if I am wretched? And what charm has existence for me without Daphne?"

"You must forget Daphne," urged Duty; "your first and nobler love must obtain the mastery. You must pluck this idle weed, this mere caprice, out of your heart."

He wandered about restlessly, in an utterly purposeless way, till it was time to go back to the seven-o'clock breakfast. He was pledged to go in beaten tracks; to go and eat and drink at The Bear, and gaze at the lower glacier like a Cook's tourist, and be faintly interested in the coachman's exposition of the view, and be blandly tolerant of girls selling Edelweiss, and boys waking the echoes with Alpine horns, and all the conventional features of that exquisite drive from Interlaken to Grindelwald.

However much he might affect to despise the familiar route, he could not deny the beauty of the landscape by-and-by, when they were all seated in the carriage, and had crossed the Lütschine for the first time, and were climbing slowly up the raised road above the river. It was a brilliant morning, the wooded hills steeped in sunlight and balmy summer air; the tender green of the young shoots showing bright against the sombre darkness of the everlasting pines; water rushing down the hill-sides every here and there, sometimes a torrent, sometimes a fine thread like spun glass, dropping from crag to crag. The two young men got out of the carriage and walked up the hills; the valley through which the road wound was exquisitely verdant—a scene of pastoral beauty, fertile, richly wooded, but passing lonely.

Children appeared at every turn of the circuitous road. Here a sickly, large-eyed girl offered a handful of dingy Edelweiss; there an unkempt, ill-fed boy ran beside the horses, flapping off the flies with a leafy branch of ash or walnut; anon appeared the mountain musician playing his plaintive strain upon the native horn, and waking melancholiest echoes amid the solemn hills. The road crossed the river several times, over covered bridges, wooden arcades, which made a picturesque bit in the landscape, a pleasant lounging-place, too, on such a summer morning. But there seemed to be nobody about save the fly-flapping boys, and women and children offering new milk or the everlasting Edelweiss.

It was the first time Daphne had seen the little velvety white flower, and she was keenly interested in it.

"Poor little colorless ice-blossom, so pale and dull-looking, like a life without joy or variety!" she said. "They say that it grows under the snow. How nice it would be to go and hunt for it one's self! Please give the children plenty of money, Edgar;" and Mr. Turchill, whose pockets were always full of loose Helvetian coin—leaden sous and dingy-looking half-francs—scattered his largess among the natives with a liberality rare in the ruck of excursionists.

Half way up the hill they came to a rustic restaurant, where the horses stopped to blow, and where the coachman invited the ladies to go and see a tame chamois in a little shed at the back of the house.

"He will be the first of his race I have seen," said Daphne, "though in Manfred's time this part of the country seems to have been overrun by them."

They went through the restaurant kitchen to the shed behind it to see the four-footed mountaineer. He was a melancholy little animal, altogether a shabby specimen of the chamois tribe, and looked sadly forlorn in his narrow den. One of his horns had been broken off, perhaps in the struggles that attended his capture.

"It is a painful sight," said Daphne, turning away with a sigh.

She would have given all her pocket-money to set the chamois free, but he was one of the attractions of the house, and could not have been easily ransomed.

And now again across the Black Lütschine, by another covered bridge, and up the steep winding road through a narrow gorge in the hills, until the cleft widens, and the Grindelwald valley opens before them in all its glory, ringed round with mountains, the Great Eiger standing boldly out in front of them, with broad patches of snow on his dark stony front, behind a bold edge of pine-clad hill. There is unspeakable grandeur in that bleak and rugged mountain rising above the verdure and beauty of the nearer hills.

Daphne clasped her hands in unalloyed delight.

"It would be worth while coming to Switzerland if it were only for this," she exclaimed, "yet I am tortured by the idea of all the mountain passes, glaciers, and water-falls that we are not going to see. I have a great mind to throw away my Baedeker. He makes me positively miserable with suggestions that I can't carry out."

"You will be able to see all you care about next year," said Edgar, "when you and I are free to go where we like. I believe it will be always where *you* like."

"Next year seems half a century off," she answered, carelessly.

Their journey was nearly done. The carriage went down into the valley, then climbed another hill, and they had passed the outskirts of the village of Grindelwald, and were drawing up in the garden in front of the Bear Hotel. Very full of life and bustle was the inn garden on this bright summer morning. Tourists without number, standing about or sitting under the veranda—Americans, Germans, English, French—all full of life and enjoyment; some starting with their alpenstocks intent on pedestrian excursions; ladies and sedentary middle-aged gentlemen being hoisted on to mules; carriages driving in, horses being fed and cleaned; a Babel of languages, a perpetual moving in and out.

Mr. Goring ordered a light refection of wine and coffee, rolls and honey, to be brought to a pleasant spot under the veranda, at a point where the view across the deep valley to the hills beyond was widest and grandest. Here they rested themselves for a little before starting on foot for the lower glacier. Both Madoline and Daphne were in favor of walking.

"I went on a mule when I was here with my father," said Lina, "and I remember thinking how much I should have preferred being free to choose my own path."

It was a lovely walk, so soon as they were clear of the hotels and boarding-houses and the scattered wooden chalets of the village, just such a ramble as Daphne loved; a narrow foot-path winding up and down a verdant hill-side, here a garden and there an orchard, funny little cottages and cottage gardens perched anyhow on slopes and angles of the road; a rustic bridge across the rocky bed of a river; and there in front of them the glacier —a mass of corrugated ice lying on a steep slope between two mountains—shining, beautiful, like a pale sapphire. They loitered as much as they pleased by the way-side, Daphne straying here and there as her fancy led her—a restless, bird-like creature, almost seeming to have wings, so lightly did she flutter from hillock to crag, so airy and dancing was the step with which she skimmed along the narrow rocky pathway beaten by the feet of so many travellers. They spent a good deal of time in the immediate neighborhood of the glacier, "doing it thoroughly," as Edgar remarked afterward, with a satisfied air; and then they went quietly back to The Bear, and dined in a corner of the big, barren dining-room, and drove back to Interlaken in the summer dusk, Gerald almost as silent as he had been the night before during the much shorter drive from Lauterbrunnen.

There was more excursionizing next day, and again on the next; then came Sunday morning and church, and then a walk through the pine woods to see some athletic sports that were held in a green basin which made a splendid amphitheatre, round whose grassy sides the audience sat picturesquely grouped on the velvet sward. On this day the young women came out in all the glory of their canton costume—snowy habit-shirts and black velvet bodices, silver chains pendent from their shoulders, silver daggers of arrows thrust through their plaited hair, long silk apron of brightest colors—a costume which gave new gayety to the landscape. Then in the evening there was a concert at the little conversation-house in the walnut avenue—a concert so crowded by native and foreigner that there was never an empty seat in the veranda, and the waiters were at their wits' ends to keep every one supplied with tea and coffee, lemonade and wine. After the concert there were fire-works, colored lights to glorify the fountains—almost the gayest, brightest scene that Daphne's eyes had ever looked upon. Then, when Bengal-lights and rockets had faded and vanished into the summer night, they walked quietly back to the hotel under a starry sky.

"I believe Daphne likes Bengal-lights better than stars," said Gerald, mockingly, as he gave Madoline his arm, and went on with her in advance of the others across a field that lay on the other side of the walnut walk.

"You may believe anything you like of Daphne's bad taste and general idiocy," the girl retorted; and Lina was distressed at thinking how disagreeable these two, whom she would have had so affectionately attached, always were to each other.

And all the while Gerald Goring was wondering what he was to do with his life—whether it were possible to break the chain which bound him, that golden chain which had once been his chief glory—whether it were possible to reconcile honor and love.

They left Interlaken next morning, and went straight through to the little station at Montreux. Daphne, who had pored over her Bradshaw till she fancied that she knew every inch of Switzerland, was deeply grieved at not being able to go on to Lucerne and the Rigi, Flüelen, and all the Tell district; but Sir Vernon would go no farther than Interlaken. He considered that he had made a sufficient sacrifice of his own comfort already for his younger daughter's pleasure.

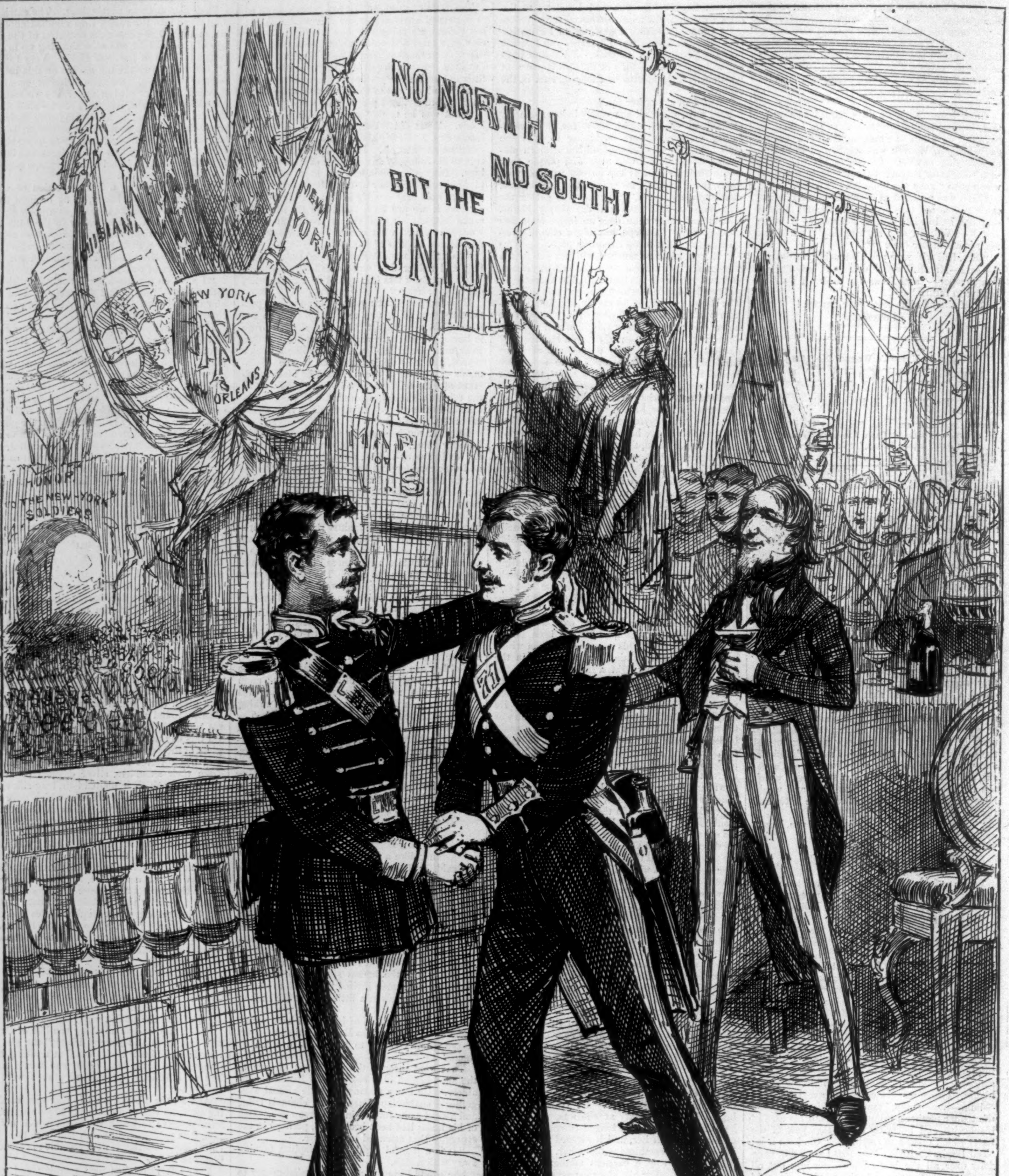
"I hate moving about, and I detest hotels," he said; "I am yearning for the quiet of my own house."

After this no more could be said. Daphne gave herself up to silent contemplation of the Jungfrau range throughout the journey by boat and rail, hardly taking her eyes from those snowy peaks till they melted from her view, fading ghost-like in the blue ether.

"They seem to be a part of my life," she said, as she turned from the carriage window with a regretful sigh. "I can not bear to think that I have seen the last of them."

"Only for this year," answered Edgar, cheerily, not caring much for mountains in the abstract, but ready to admire anything that Daphne loved. "It is such an easy matter to come to Switzerland nowadays. The Jungfrau is as accessible as Brighton Pier."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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In Germany the family of the bride supplies all the household requisites, and furnishes the entire house, with the exception of the study, or smoking-room, which is left to the taste of the bridegroom. Now, as there are many fathers and mothers in this country with marriageable daughters, who often complain that young men of the present day are not ready enough to give up their snug bachelor quarters, and try the sweets of matrimony, it might be well for them, as an experiment, to adopt this German custom, and provide their sons-in-law with not only a bride, but a furnished house as well.

If some of the German rules with reference to betrothals and marriages were adopted in this country, many a gay Lothario would have far less opportunities of flirting with other girls in the absence of his inamorata than he now has, because the young ladies would know he was engaged, for every betrothal in Germany is published in the papers, and cards with the names of the recently engaged couple are sent to all the friends of both families; and as it is also the custom for husband and wife to wear wedding rings, a German can not so easily pass as a bachelor at a moment's notice as with us. The rule about publishing the engagement in the newspapers is strictly observed.

The *Polterabend*—a reception given by the bride and bridegroom to their relatives and friends on the eve of the wedding day—is an occasion of great mirth. The happy couple, seated side by side upon an impromptu throne, listen to certain plays and charades performed by their acquaintances, who have for weeks past been engaged in selecting characters and rehearsing their several parts, and many sly allusions are made, under cover of the performance, to former admirers of the bride, or to incidents in the past life of the bridegroom, which give rise to considerable merriment. The writer was present at one about three years since, when some friends represented in an admirable manner all the paraphernalia appertaining to an artist. One simulated the paint-box, another the maul-stick, a third the palette, whilst several personated the different colors, and this was done in honor of the bride, who was an artist of no ordinary merit. The programme is generally brought to a close with dancing and music, after which the guests depart to sleep, and prepare for the more important festivities of the following day.

As the wedding breakfast takes place so soon after the *Polterabend*, and as such a large gathering of friends on two separate occasions is somewhat of a tax upon the resources of the house, it is for the most part customary to hold the latter at a hotel and the former at home, or *vice versa*.

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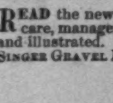

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